B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

Volume XLII, No. 3 December, 1927

A Faltering Remnant of Israel

By William Klemm

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley California

Marc Chagall

By Isaac Lichtenstein

When Europe Had a Jewish Princess

By C. L. Dentler

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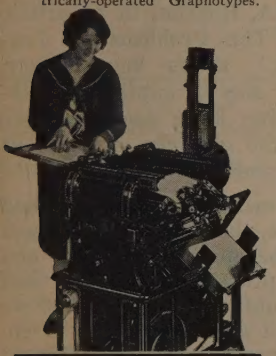

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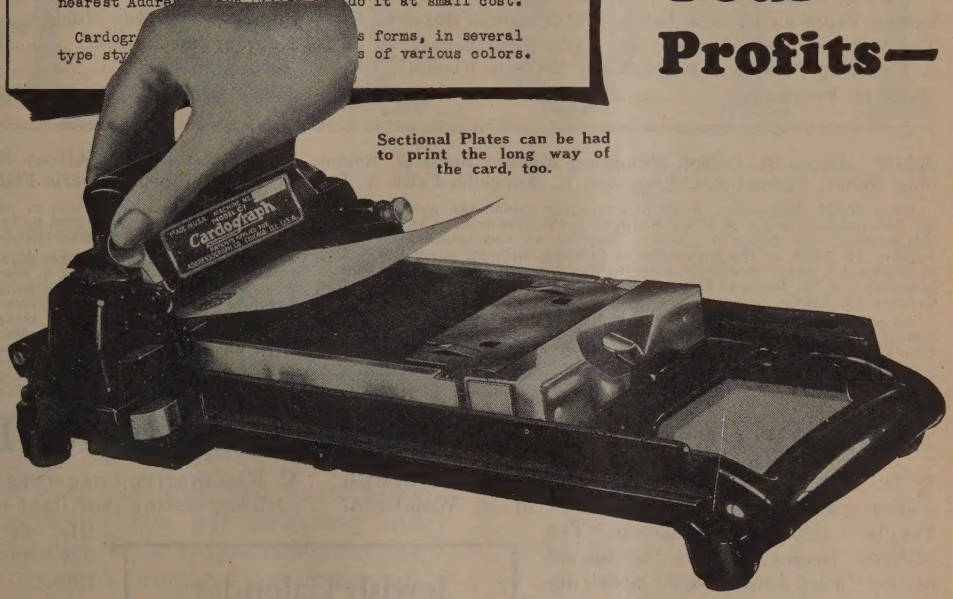

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The B'nai B'rith Magazine goes to members of the order for the nominal sum of fifty cents a year. Non-members pay one dollar a year. Although the magazine is the official organ of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, subscription to it is not compulsory. Members who do not desire to receive their magazine may relieve themselves of further subscription payments by sending a statement to that effect on their stationery to the editorial office.

Among Our Contributors

¶ E. David Goitein is author of a book of Jewish stories called "Wonderful Tales of a Wonderful People." His character sketch, "The Hebrew Bookseller," is the second of the "Just Jews" series now running in the B'nai B'rith Magazine.

¶ C. L. Dentler is a resident of California. He is a graduate of Wittenberg College and Glasgow University and is the author of a number of books and magazine articles.

¶ Joseph Gaer is a young poet, playwright and publicist who contributes frequently to Jewish and general magazines. He is a resident of New York.

¶ William Klemm is a teacher who at present resides in Peking, China. He was in the diplomatic service of the Russian Government for many years, having been stationed in India, Turkestan and other Far-Eastern regions. This has made it possible for him to unearth many hitherto unknown facts regarding the Jews of the Orient.

¶ Isaac Lichtenstein is a native of Russia now living in Paris. Mr. Lichtenstein makes his first appearance before the readers of the B'nai B'rith Magazine with his article on Marc Chagall.

¶ George Webber is a member of the English Bar and assistant lecturer in law at the University of Manchester.

Jewish Calendar 5688

1927

Rosh Hashonah	Tues.,	Sept. 27
	Wed.,	Sept. 28
Fast of Gedalia	Thurs.,	Sept. 29
Yom Kippur	Thurs.,	Oct. 6
Succoth	Tues.,	Oct. 11
	Wed.,	Oct. 12
Hoshana Rabba	Mon.,	Oct. 17
Shemini Azereth	Tues.,	Oct. 18
Simchas Torah	Wed.,	Oct. 19
*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan	Thurs.,	Oct. 27
Rosh Chodesh Kislev	Fri.,	Nov. 25
First Day of Chanukah	Mon.,	Dec. 19
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth	Sun.,	Dec. 25

1928

Fast of Tebeth	Tues.,	Jan. 8
Rosh Chodesh Shevat	Mon.,	Jan. 23
*Rosh Chodesh Adar	Wed.,	Feb. 22
Fast of Esther	Mon.,	Mar. 5
Purim	Tues.,	Mar. 6
Rosh Chodesh Nissan	Thurs.,	Mar. 22
First Day of Pessach	Thurs.,	Apr. 6
Eighth Day of Pessach	Thurs.,	Apr. 12
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar	Sat.,	Apr. 21
Lag B'Omer	Tues.,	May 8
Rosh Chodesh Sivan	Sun.,	May 20
Shavuoth	Fri.,	May 25
	Sat.,	May 26
*Rosh Chodesh Tammuz	Tues.,	June 19
Fast of Tammuz	Thurs.,	July 5
Rosh Chodesh Ab	Wed.,	July 18
Tisho B'ov	Thurs.,	July 26
*Rosh Chodesh Elul	Fri.,	Aug. 17

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.
*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

In Our Portfolio

¶ Fascinating character sketches and authoritative articles, casting new light on various phases of Jewish life, are among the features in our portfolio awaiting publication.

¶ In his characteristically graphic manner, Heyman Zimel traces Ed. Wynn's rise to fame.

He says, "It is difficult to explain Ed Wynn's humor. He will do things that we should consider merely stupid if done by someone else but if Ed Wynn does them, they are funny. It is not the things he does that are funny but chiefly that air of sly silliness which has won him the appellation, 'The Perfect Fool.'"

¶ Dr. A. A. Roback, in an article entitled, "The Problems of Jewish Youth," shows how modern psychology may be applied in helping sensitive Jews and Jewesses overcome the obstacles arising out of race prejudice.

¶ "The Jewish men who have had the courage, the vision and the will to enter the engineering field, and who have proven to the world and to our doubting brethren that we can succeed and make good in engineering as well as in other professions, have achieved a great triumph," says Jacob Levin in his article, "The Jew in Engineering."

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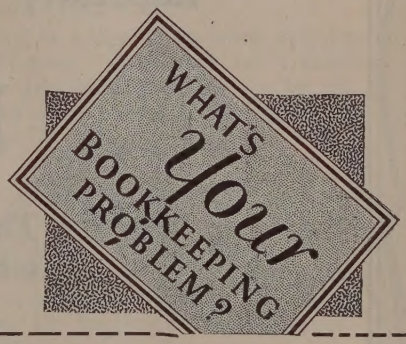

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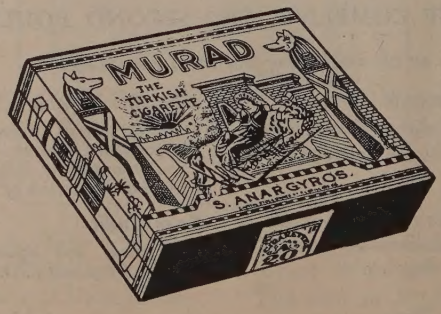

THE
B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE
The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XLII DECEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 3

Editorial Comment

The Week We Light the Candles

NOW we come to that week when we celebrate religious liberty. We think of religious liberty as a light in the world and we celebrate it by kindling lights, one candle each evening for eight days, until on the eighth day there is a glorious effulgence of eight candles.

Ages before religious liberty was accepted as one of the rights of man, the Jews were already fighting for it and Chanukah is the observance of the victory of this fight.

* * *

Therefore, Chanukah is more than a religious festival of the Jews; it marks one of the first of mankind's struggles for the freedom of the conscience.

The practice of the Jewish religion in Palestine had been prohibited by Antiochus Epiphanes on pain of death. The Temple had been converted into a shrine of Jupiter, and the image of this god set up on the altar, and heathen sacrifices offered up to him.

It was unlawful to keep the Sabbath or to profess to be a Jew. The teacher Eleazer was tortured to death for refusing to eat the meat of the swine. A number who fled to caves to observe the Sabbath were caught and consigned to fire. They did not offer resistance, for to do so would have been a desecration of the Sabbath; they chose rather to die.

* * *

The Jews arose and under the leadership of Judas the Maccabee engaged in a three-years' struggle for the right to serve God in their own way.

In the year 165 the victory was at length won against the superior forces of the Greeks and the Jews were once again in the Temple. The desecrated house was restored and there was a feast of dedication lasting eight days. And to this day the Jews commemorate that occasion—that is to say, those Jews who are conscious of the noble historic significance of the feast.

Judas the Maccabee and his brothers deserve to rank among the great heroes who have fought for the liberties of man. They were pioneers for human rights long before these rights had come to be written in formal declarations. Their bill of rights was inscribed in fire on their consciences and their burning consciences set Palestine aflame for liberty, and 3,000 warriors conquered the armies of the Greeks.

Seldom in history has there been seen such testimony of the might of an ideal. A history of the struggle for human liberty would not be complete without the stories of Emmaus and of Beth-zur.

At Emmaus, Judas the Maccabee overcame the army of Nicanor and at Beth-zur near Hebron, he defeated Timotheus and Bacchides, and cleared the way to Jerusalem.

These must be counted among the first battlefields of the rights of man.

* * *

It is notable that Chanukah is the only holiday of the Jews that celebrates a military victory. The biblical conquests are passed by; the only victory that is deemed worthy of observance is the one that had to do with a basic human right; the only military hero worthy of honor is a hero of the conscience.

Though Chanukah has a wider than Jewish significance, it must have a special appeal to the Jew who understands its significance. He who does understand it must say:

"These mighty heroes fought for the life of Judaism when it had been sentenced to death. But for them Judaism would have perished. They fought and died for the right to practice their faith. I have that right, but, though the edict of Antiochus could not kill Judaism, my indifference can.

"My chief duty as a Jew is to teach Judaism diligently to my children. Thus only am I faithful to this right which was established for me by the Maccabees and all the other heroes of liberty of all times and of all peoples."

* * *

"To me there has been handed down this inheritance for which not only the Maccabees died but a vast host of my other forefathers. The Maccabees saved Judaism on the battlefield; my other forefathers preserved it in battles of the conscience. When they might have saved their lives by bartering their Judaism they yielded their lives.

"This inheritance of Judaism is the most precious of my possessions for it has been saved for me by the lives of many."

* * *

We would like to see Chanukah lights in all Jewish homes, for not only are they beautiful symbols but also they have to do with principles that are distinctly of America as well as with sentiments that are Jewish.

Chanukah, moreover, is one of those holidays that are distinctly of the home where above all other places Judaism should be honored.

And, Lo! Another Deborah Is Seen

IT IS written in the Book of Judges that it was the prophetess Deborah who, with the aid of Barak, delivered the Israelites in Palestine from the oppression of Jabin and secured a peace of 40 years' duration.

And now after the thousands of years there comes another woman for leadership in Palestine. The enemies to be conquered now are petty politics and the small bickerings that have impeded the Jewish enterprise in Palestine.

She comes with hands already rich with great services and with eyes that look forward toward the ideal and not inward at personal advantage.

Henrietta Szold is her name and she has been chosen one of the three executives of the Palestinian enterprise. She has been the president of the Hadassah Society that noble organization that has stood aloof from the politics and the dissension in Palestine while succoring the afflicted, feeding the hunger of children and establishing hospitals in the Holy Land.

What Palestine has needed is leadership that will hold up the ideal to the eyes of the people instead of filling their ears with unseemly controversy.

* * *

A Jew Finds a Way to Immortality

FREDERICK L. LAVANBURG of New York, gave thought to the matter of immortality. Mr. Lavanburg was concerned with living on the earth permanently after his earthly shell had departed from him. Mr. Lavanburg had no children by whom other men perpetuate themselves in the world, for good or ill.

How, then, was such a man to live?

To his own satisfaction Mr. Lavanburg at length answered the question in his will in these words: "Having no children and desirous of perpetuating my name in connection with philanthropic work, I have come to the conclusion in recent years that the betterment of living and housing conditions is the most important objective of charitable endeavor."

So he left the bulk of his $4,000,000 estate to a foundation for bettering housing conditions among the poor of New York. Mr. Lavanburg did not specify that poor Jews alone were to be benefited: suffering knows neither race nor creed and he knew none in his giving.

We think Mr. Lavanburg chose a wise way to immortality. His wealth goes on creating new and more beautiful life permanently. If a man is on the earth for the purpose of contributing to its well-being, Mr. Lavanburg, whose body has departed, is still actively engaged in most constructive services.

* * *

Our Manual in the Sabbath School

THOUGH a year has passed since the B'nai B'rith Manual was given to the Jewry of America, we continue to receive praises of its merits. Particularly satisfying is the tribute of Rabbi Louis I. Newman of San Francisco, who is using it as a textbook in his confirmation class.

"I am convinced that other rabbis throughout the country should make use of it, not only for instruction of confirmation classes, but in the senior seminars of their religious schools," he writes.

The Signs of a Dawning Day

SURVEYING the condition of Jewry, world-wide, the American Jewish Committee sees hopeful signs of dawning justice. The sore-spot for Jewry during the past year was Roumania but even there the way is being paved for a more favorable situation.

There were outbreaks of anti-Semitism here and there, but there seems to be a new heart in the world, for, as the Committee reports: "These untoward events were not regarded with apathy by the enlightened public opinion of the countries involved, and we may feel confident that there will be a recurrence of few, if any, of these unfortunate incidents and that with the improvement of economic conditions, the life of the Jewish people will become more tolerable."

That fearless and able champion, Louis Marshall, who has been in the leadership of the American Jewish Committee these many years, has again been elected to its presidency.

* * *

Mr. Ford Is Seen to Make Good

AN interesting incident of last month was the publication of a letter from Henry Ford to Theodore Fritsch, an anti-Semitic leader at Leipzig, Germany. Mr. Ford was informed that Fritsch was continuing to publish and to circulate the various anti-Jewish articles that Ford had retracted. Mr. Ford wrote to Fritsch demanding that he cease circulating these publications, and withdrew from him all right to do so. Mr. Ford's manly letter to Fritsch was made public by Louis Marshall at the meeting of the American Jewish Committee last month.

In this connection it is interesting to note that on July 25, Mr. Sigmund Livingston, chairman of the Governing Board of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, wrote a letter to Mr. Ford calling attention to the activities of this Fritsch.

"Is it within your power to annul the publication rights (of the 'International Jew') in Europe, and to stop further distribution of these books?" Mr. Livingston asked Mr. Ford.

And he added: "Would it not also be in line with your efforts to undo the wrong committed in your name, to withdraw from the libraries these books?"

* * *

Who Are the Blind Among Jews?

WE READ that the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods is to publish religious literature in raised characters for the blind.

This is a most worthy cause, but it may be asked: Are the blind Jews only those who have no eyes?

Where is the miracle-worker who can help all Jews to see their place in the world as Jews, to look with pride on their history, to behold their faith as a good way of life, to see that the better a Jew a man is the better a partner he is in the business of creating a more just and beautiful world?

Who is he who can give to the Jew the luminous eyes of his forefathers whose feet never strayed from the way of Judaism even in the darkness that beset their lives?

Revising Abie's Irish Rose

WE read that Hungarians who don't like Jews are protesting against a presentation of Abie's Irish Rose in their capital city, Budapest. Therefore, we suggest a revision of this renowned play for the pleasure of the Hungarian anti-Semites, somewhat as follows:

Abie: Rose, will you marry me?

Rose: Your proposal is not to be considered.

Abie: But in America you always accepted me in all the 100,000 performances. Why do you change your mind?

Rose: We must please the Hungarians. You haven't any Aryan blood, and the Hungarians won't stand for that. I am very sorry. . . . Throw him down-stairs, father.

Abie: But, Rose, after all these 100,000 times that you accepted me!

Rose: Father, will you stop reading the paper and throw him out. Father, where are your Hungarian manners and your Hungarian culture? Get up this instant and throw him out.

(Curtain)

* * *

The Gifts of Jews to Their Neighbors

THERE has recently been seen an inspiring exchange of gifts between Jews and non-Jews. This is far more impressive than an exchange of pretty words of good will.

With a fine outpouring of generosity Gentiles gave to the $25,000,000 fund of the Joint Distribution Committee, organizing a group of their own for the purpose of raising a princely sum.

And everywhere Jews are seen coming with full hands to the money chests of non-Jews raising funds for their hospitals, charities and churches. Last month Jews were among the largest givers to the $300,000 fund of the Catholic St. Michael's Hospital in Newark, N. J.

Such is the way of better understanding. It flows from the heart.

* * *

In Which We Applaud a Duel

THOUGH we have no use for duels, we can not refrain from applauding the results of two duels recently fought in Budapest, Hungary. Irritated by insult and oppression, two Jewish students last month challenged their persecutors to fight it out with swords.

Let the shade of Judas Maccabeus behold! Let young David battling Goliath with his sling-shot bear witness! Before the multitude of the Philistines these young Jews gave battle, returning not merely blow for blow but two blows for one. And great was the fall of the Magyars, tumbling, as they did, from the lofty eminence of a proud fighting tradition.

Jewish students, encouraged by these signal victories, issued more challenges to the number of forty, offering to fight any member of *Turul,* the students' anti-Semitic organization.

And the written answer was: "We won't cross swords with Jews, especially, with forty of them."

Concerning Jews in Public Offices

A READER calls our attention to the fact that a large number of Jews have been elected to various public offices in the city of New York. While we congratulate these gentlemen we greet them only as citizens who have attained public distinctions.

We are interested in Jews in office only as fellow-citizens. They are not elected as Jews to represent Jewry. We would not vote for a man merely because he is a Jew any more than we would vote against a man because he is Catholic or Protestant.

Jews running for office should be judged by fellow Jews by the same tests that are applied to other candidates.

* * *

The Chinese Meet Anti-Semitism

THE Jewish Telegraphic Agency reports as follows: "Shanghai—Anti-Jewish propaganda attended the turbulent demonstration arranged by the Russian monarchist emigres here recently.

"The emigres paraded before the Russian consulate. One person was killed and ten wounded during the riots.

Handbills were distributed urging Chinese to expel Jews."

Now we hear it reported, though we have no authority for it, that there lives in Shanghai a wise man named Chow Min, but, on the other hand, there may be no such person as Chow Min. Anyhow, it is related, it is the custom of Chow Min to make copious notes on all events that come under his observation in Shanghai. And after seeing and hearing the turmoil stirred up by the Russians against the Jews he wrote as follows:

"I was greatly distressed today to witness a manifestation of European civilization. As if they have not already afflicted us enough they must bring to our hearts an ancient hate and ask us to share it with them. The European has exploited us and taken our birthright and enriched himself from our substance; the only thing he can find to give us is this time-worn hate. Alas!"

* * *

The Suicides of Jews in Europe

STARTLING statistics have been compiled by the Jewish Scientific Institute of Berlin on suicides of Jews in that and other cities of Eastern Europe.

In 1922, 61 Jews killed themselves in Berlin; in 1923, 72; in 1924, 96; in 1925, 117.

In 1925, 48 of every hundred thousand Jews in Budapest committed suicide; in Vienna, 45; in Warsaw, 17.

The proportion of Jews killing themselves was found to be larger than that of non-Jews.

So the Jew who held so tenaciously to life in all the centuries is seen now in some places running away from it in no small numbers. He resisted a multitude of deaths but now he is observed to embrace death. But in the other time he found courage for life in the consolation of the *Torah.* This sustained him in the bitterest hour; in this was life.

Is it that the Jew in our time has let go of this spiritual sustenance which fortified his fathers?

A Good that Came from the War

THE Balfour declaration was regarded as one of the minor incidents of the war. It established Palestine as a homeland for Jews. Indeed, in the clutter of the tragic events of the period it was scarcely noticed by the world. Not even all Jews knew about it. In America the thoughts of Jews were on their sons whom they were sending away to the war; in Europe Jews were counting their dead or being trampled under the heels of opposing armies.

But, lo! ten years later the Balfour Declaration is seen to be among the very few constructive results of the struggle, the only victory for life that came from the war. From the arid wastes of Palestine there flows a new life; a fresh culture is springing up where the sole expression of the Jew was a sobbing for the dead past at the wailing wall.

The tenth anniversary of the Balfour Declaration as a decisive and as the most beneficent victory of the war was celebrated appropriately last month.

* * *

The Harnessing of the Jordan

IT IS written in Chapter 3 of the Book of Joshua concerning the crossing of the Jordan by the Israelites entering Palestine after their 40 years of wandering:

"As they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan . . . the waters stood and rose up upon a heap.

"And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan."

Now the Jordan is being harnessed again, this time by the power of men, and its waters are being made to rise up in the heap of a dam and its power is to be used for the conquering of Palestine with light and energy for industry.

We like to say proudly: "This is the power of man." But the humbler spirit still beholds the might of God of which the power of man is only the shadow.

* * *

Mr. Rockefeller and the Jews

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has given $2,000,000 for the establishment of an archaeological museum in Jerusalem. Not only is a museum to be built but there is to be inaugurated a campaign of intensive digging that will reveal the buried history of the ancient civilizations of the Jews.

This is among the noblest of the Rockefeller gifts. It is light-giving and, therefore, even to be more applauded than benefactions that are bread-giving.

If under our economic system vast accumulations of wealth are not to be avoided, we don't know better hands into which such accumulations are worthy to go than into hands like those of the Rockefellers. Imaginative hands, giving hands, tolerant hands, serving hands.

The millions that have been given will be buried, so to speak, deep in the rubble of the several Jerusalems that lie under the present city, and from them will spring new light for mankind.

We thank Rockefeller in behalf of the world.

We Receive a Letter

WE HAVE a letter from a woman in a town in Austria and we offer it here to the hearts of the B'nai B'rith of America:

"My dear friends: I write in behalf of a forgotten child. He is the little David Schatzmann of our town, an orphan. It was some years ago that the good B'nai B'rith of America took him to its heart and fed him and clothed him, his parents having died in his infancy. His father had perished in the war and his mother in child-birth, so that he was left with our Jewish community which is not rich.

"Those who were once well off have been made poor and those who were poor have come to great destitution in the unhappy years of the war and after.

"We felt as if the heart of America had come to this child in the parents' stead when we heard that the B'nai B'rith had pledged itself to give $100 a year for his care until he was 14 years old.

"And we said: 'How beautiful is America. It comes to embrace the infant that lives among distant strangers.'

"For a number of years the gift of the B'nai B'rith came to our town regularly for the succor of this child and it was like a blessing.

"So the child grew to the age of eight and was beautiful to see, and we thought of him as a child of the hearts of American Jews, and there was no end of blessings for the B'nai B'rith that was doing so much good for him.

"But one day when another payment for his upkeep was due no money came. Instead we received word that the support of the child may have to be discontinued. 'They who undertook to supply the means with which to rear the child have not been living up to their promise,' the letter said.

"He was being kept in the house of one of our families that is as poor as all the rest of us are. They did not love him the less because no money came; they fed and clothed him the best they could and to this day are doing it.

"I asked them to write to America to ask why the child has been forgotten, but they said: 'No, we will not ask; with the little we have we will look after him.'

"But they are poor and I have seen their plight and how difficult it is for them to keep the child. So without their knowledge I am writing this, hoping that those who may have forgotten will be reminded.

"I have no interest in this, except as a neighbor of the child and as a Jewish woman who knows that an appeal to the Jewish heart will not go unanswered.

With kindest greetings,"

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We are glad that the situation here described is a rare one and not generally true of the European orphans adopted by our lodges. The letter was forwarded to us by a Ben B'rith in the United States who asks that we print it.

"I know that our lodges have been faithful in their obligations to the orphans that were adopted in 1921," he writes, "but in the years that have elapsed, a lodge here and there may have forgotten. Therefore, I send you this letter. It is my thought that every lodge that adopted orphans in 1921 should determine whether its obligations to these children are being fulfilled or have been fulfilled."

Thinking Aloud

By Urva Porah

"I WAS born in the Ukraine," he began. I had met him in front of the county jail just as he was leaving it.

"And what brings you here?" I asked. I knew him as a respected merchant tailor.

And he wept and for a while his voice could not lift itself from his throat.

But at length he began: "I was born in the Ukraine. You wonder what that has to do with this, but somehow when I think of this my mind goes back to the beginning, and to what I suffered in the years of my youth, and the pain and the cold and the hunger. For my children, life has been like a soft bed. Maybe that is the trouble. It is too good in the world for the children.

* * *

"When I was seven my mother died and at eight I went to learn the trade of the tailor under a master. In his shop I slept on two chairs but sometimes the chairs would part and I would fall between, suffering bruises. And I cried in the night, for I was only a child. Eight years old!

"In the winter night I lay in the shop on the two chairs with a thin covering and wearing all my clothing, for it was very cold. Sometimes I cried myself to sleep in my suffering.

"The master fed me but there was never enough to eat and I went to bed hungry every night. But suffering had always been in our family for we were very poor. We had a poor house but God was always in the house. You understand? In all our ways God was; in the morning and in the night. I remember the Friday nights when our house, as poor as it was, looked like a palace with the candle lights. My mother dressed in her best things was like a queen before the candles.

* * *

"Sometimes when I didn't do the work right the master struck me on the back with a strap. He was a harsh man, but from him I learned that the work must be done faithfully and that there was only one way to do the right thing.

"This way I grew up and when I was old enough I was *Bar Mitzvah* and after that I laid my *t'fillin* in the shop every morning. And God was in my heart even when I was hungry in my stomach. When they have suffered most the Jews have had God in their hearts, showing them the way to go. And when I grew older His Holy Law kept me in good ways. I knew these were the right ways because they were the ways of God. From the time I could remember God had always been in my father's house, and he was in our lives every day.

* * *

"So it went. In time I married and went away to America and when I came to this city I had only fifty cents. And I got a job in a tailor's shop for $5 a week and I took from my stomach in order to save for my wife that she might come here and make a home here with me.

"And at last my wife came. It was on a Friday and she had brought her candle-sticks along and that night she lighted them in the house I had prepared for her. We had two rooms and $50 of furniture, but it looked like a palace that night with the candles shining.

"I saw God was in my house as he had been in the house of my father.

* * *

"The years went by and we had our children and we lived in the tenement house; but in time we prospered and we moved into a good house and bought a piano and fine furniture, and we put in electric lights.

"I couldn't help but think of the beginning when we lived in the two rooms and I said to my wife, 'Bessie, it's a great difference.' And she answered, 'Yes, we have a finer house than any of our friends.' It was eighteen years since I had come to America. I had a good business, money in the bank and a better house than my father and all his fathers before him.

* * *

"One day when I was in the attic, looking through some rubbish, I came across the candle-sticks my wife had brought from Europe. That day she had come to join me, they were shining, but now they were black.

"I had forgotten about these candle sticks. It seemed a long time since I had seen them on Friday nights with candle lights. . . . I went to my wife.

" 'Bessie, why don't we have the candles on Friday night any more?'

" 'They're so old-fashioned,' she answered.

"Bessie had become a modern woman.

* * *

"I, myself, polished the candle-sticks and the Friday night of that week I made my wife put candles in them and place them on the dinner table. And I, myself, said *kiddush* and I was surprised to find the words were still on my lips.

* * *

"The children laughed.

" 'Are we becoming Jewish?' my eldest daughter asked.

" 'Are we going to have this every Friday night?' the son asked. 'I always have a date on Friday night and if this is going to last too long. . . .'

" 'I told you the children wouldn't like it,' my wife said.

"So it goes.

" 'You see,' my wife said afterward, 'everything is different.'

" 'Yes,' I said, 'everything is different,' and we began to get ready for the card party that we have every Friday night.

* * *

"Well, now, I don't know what all this has to do with the jail, but it is in my head that it has something to do with it. None of my people when they were very poor, but rich with God in their homes, ever were in a jail. They followed God in all His ways which were good.

"My son is a prisoner in the jail. He gave a bad check and I have just been to see him. He asked me to get him out and I gave him a lecture. I told him what I have told you—how I suffered in my youth but kept God in my heart; how I had worked for him to make of him more in the world than I was; how his fathers had followed the ways of God and had walked in righteousness.

* * *

"I meant to tell him that even in death I had honored my father and mother. But I stopped. Had I honored them? They had given me Judaism which had come to them through great suffering. And what had I done with it? I had kept it in my heart when I was poor, and I had forgotten it in my prosperity, and my children had grown up without it. Had I been faithful to my parents? Had I honored them?

"Who was I to lecture to my boy?

" 'Aw,' he said, 'can that religious stuff and get me out of this.' "

A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

Religion—Education

IT HAS become a commonly accepted custom in this country for clergymen to preach sermons over the radio. And we are not surprised to hear *Kol Nidre* or Friday night services coming through the air.

In Germany, however, it was only last month that for the first time the Liberal section of the Prussian Federation of *Kehillahs* sanctioned the broadcasting of Sabbath services.

* * *

Another modification, adopted by our German brethren, which is in line with the present trend in American Jewry has to do with the choice of prayer book. The Liberal Jews of Germany have selected for future use Seligman's Unity Prayer Book with the Hebrew text.

* * *

This indicates that Judaism is alive in Germany and on the alert. But nowhere perhaps, despite our habitual lamentations, is it as much alive as in the United States. All last month a flying squadron toured the country in the interests of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, thus strengthening the Reform wing of our faith throughout the land and disseminating the message of pulsating, modern Judaism.

* * *

And then there is the proud report of the Rabbinical Department of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, which is the intellectual center of the Conservatives. This department has now an enrollment of 82 undergraduates and 30 graduates, while the Teachers' Institute of the Seminary announced last month an enrollment of 391, with registration still in progress.

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Among other of the educational activities of the Conservatives is the current lecture tour of Mrs. Samuel Spiegel, president of the Women's League of the United Synagogue of America. Mrs. Spiegel is talking before affiliated League Sisterhoods in Canada on Jewish atmosphere in the home.

SPEAKING of Canada reminds us that up there our co-religionists are facing a peculiar problem, which has bearing on both religion and education:

Jews in the province of Quebec, Canada, are contending for representation in the administration of the public schools. At present there are in that province Protestant public schools and Catholic public schools. The Jewish children have the choice of attending either. In the city of Montreal, where the conflict started, the Jewish children attend the Protestant schools. Hence the Jews of that city are asking for either membership on the Protestant Board of School Commissioners or the establishment of a separate system of schools for Jewish children. The case has been taken up before the Privy Council in London. And it is expected that that body will render a decision in time to enable the Quebec Legislature to pass the necessary legislation next January.

Foreign

IN Roumania and Hungary there have been more outbursts of anti-Semitism among students. The worst of these were in Hungary and resulted in duels between Jewish and non-Jewish students.

In this connection is worth noting the statement which Mussolini recently made to a delegation of the Roumanian press. He said:

"Fascist anti-Semitism or anti-Semitic Fascism is an absurdity. We have been much amused by the efforts of the anti-Semites in Germany and elsewhere to associate anti-Semitism with Fascism. Fascism seeks unity; anti-Semitism seeks destruction and separation. We protest against these attempts which compromise Fascism. Anti-Semitism is a product of barbarism to which our movement is diametrically opposed. If we are to exclude Jews, we will only strengthen our enemies."

IT IS cheering to both us over here and the Jews of Crimea to know that Dr. Joseph Rosen, head of the Agro-Joint, has returned to Russia. But especially exhilarating is the statement Dr. Rosen made just before sailing. He said he was going to Moscow to arrange for the settlement of 2,000 additional families on the Steppes. This will mean a very considerable addition to the 30,000 Jewish families which the J. D. C. has established on the land in the same region since 1924.

* * *

FROM Odessa comes word which is in line with previous reports about the honoring of Yiddish writers, artists and scholars by the Soviet authorities. A monument is to be erected in the metropolis of the Black Sea region in honor of Mendele Mocher Sforim, "the grandfather of Yiddish literature," at a cost of 2,600 roubles. This was decided upon by the municipal soviet of Odessa in connection with the tenth anniversary of Mendele's death which was commemorated on December 8th.

* * *

NOT much news has come from Palestine the past few weeks. The economic crisis in that country has not yet entirely subsided. But the exodus of people because of lack of work and business is about over. The wavering have left and the steadfast will remain, let happen what may. But immigration into Palestine is more and more sifting down to essential and self-sustaining elements.

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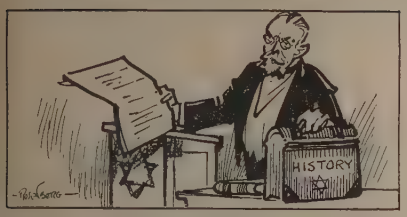
Only four classes of immigrants are now being admitted into Palestine: wives and minor children of Palestine residents; students whose maintenance is guaranteed for a period of three years; wealthy persons whose activity may be useful to the country; and political refugees from Russia.

* * *

The economic condition, however, is by no means halting the cultural progress of the country. A few weeks ago Dr. Judah L. Magnes, acting in behalf of the board of trustees of the Hebrew University, accepted a chair in Yiddish for the famous seat of learning on Mt. Scopus. "The Day," Yiddish daily of New York, has undertaken to raise $100,000 as an endowment fund for this purpose.

Social Welfare



THIS is the season of liveliest activity in the fields of social service and education. All one has to do who is in doubt about it is to recall some of the outstanding Jewish conferences and meetings, national in scope which took place in the United States during the month of November.

On the 23rd and 24th of that month, the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the American Jewish Historical Society was held in Newark, N. J. Papers were read which cast light on a number of little known, but nevertheless important, phases of Jewish personages, life and activity in the United States.

Just before this meeting opened the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations was closing its three-day convention in New York. This representative gathering of American Jewish Orthodoxy decided to standardize the curricula in the various Hebrew schools and to raise $250,000 with which to strengthen the Union.

The creation of an Orthodox Jewish Publication Society for the issuance of books on Jewish religious subjects in English, Yiddish and Hebrew was also decided upon.

It was resolved to create a fund for the aid of small congregations in rural communities that cannot afford the permanent services of a rabbi.

A feature of the convention was a talk by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, which led to the adoption of a resolution favoring the five-day working week. Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein was re-elected president.

And now we come to the twenty-first annual meeting of the American Jewish Committee, which took place in New York on Sunday, November 13. The historic negotiations with Henry Ford were reviewed, and data was brought forth indicating the approach of better times for the Jews of Europe. Three noble veterans were re-elected to office: Louis Marshall, president; and Cyrus Adler and Julius Rosenwald, vice-presidents.

APPARENTLY the believers in a liberal immigration policy for the United States have not yet given up hope. Action is under way in Washington to bring about the repeal of the "national origins" clause of the Immigration Act of 1924. A committee, organized for this purpose, will urge the modification of the immigration restriction law at the coming session of Congress.

* * *

SPEAKING of immigration reminds us of an error that got into the October B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. We said in that issue:

"The Mexican Immigration Bureau has informed steamship agents that immigrants from Poland, Turkey, or Syria must show possession of 10,000 pesos ($5,000) before they are admitted to Mexico."

Now, J. L. Weinberger, manager of the B'nai B'rith Bureau for Work in Mexico, writes us:

"Restrictions have been placed on immigration from Turkey and Syria and immigrants from these countries must show 10,000 pesos, excepting those who come to join their immediate families. Polish immigrants are not included in the above restrictions."

* * *

STILL more about immigrants. He who follows Jewish news these days reads almost as much about immigration as about anti-Semitism. But this happens to be an effort to dispel a bugaboo, and that's always worth while:

"Crime among immigrants is no greater than among natives, relatively in point of numbers, if Census Bureau figures are properly evaluated and interpreted."

This is part of a letter from Congressman Celler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Richard Washburn Child, acting chairman of the Washington Conference on Prevention of Crime.

* * *

THE government of the Province of Quebec, Canada, has alloted $5,000 to the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of Montreal. This was announced at the opening rally of this year's drive of the Federation. The Montreal Jewish Federation, which looks after practically all the Jewish charitable and welfare institutions in the city, seeks to raise $250,000 in this drive.

This is the first time that as much as $5,000 was granted by the government in aid of the Federation's family welfare work.

Miscellaneous

VERY few people realize that there are thousands of Jewish farmers in the United States and that they have publications in English and Yiddish, social and economic organizations and periodic conventions. Something of the nature and scope of the Jewish farmers' activity in the United States may be realized from Miss A. C. Brenner's survey of the Jewish agriculturists in Michigan, Wisconsin and Ohio. Miss Brenner made this survey in behalf of the Council of Jewish Women. And her report describes the character of the land on which these farmers live, their economic conditions, social facilities, health conditions and special problems.

* * *

WE have often read and heard about what Guggenheim is doing for aviation in the United States, the latest public benefaction by this patron of flying being the promotion of Lindbergh's tour of the country. And last month we had in our midst another distinguished leader in the realm of aeronautics. Sir Philip Sassoon, British Under-Secretary of State for Air, visited the United States. He made a tour of American airplane plants and flying fields.

* * *

ON November 21, H. D. Naumberg, renowned Yiddish novelist, publicist and communal worker, passed away in Warsaw.

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Turn the pages of this magazine and study the advertisements.

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The American Jew Behind the Plow

By Joseph Gaer

WHEN the recent *Ikor* activities began to ferment I often heard among my Jewish friends the conviction expressed that the farmerization of Jews was doomed to failure, the reason being that "Jews don't engage in productive labor." The truth of this statement was substantiated by pointing to the failure of the Baron de Hirsch, Montefiore and Rothschild colonization projects in the past. That the Jew has failed as a farmer in the United States they all seemed to be certain of, though they had no data at their disposal to prove it.

Having practically no knowledge on the subject, I decided to gather some data on the Jewish farmer in America.

I soon learned that there is no complete record of the Jewish farmers in America, nor any way of determining their exact numbers, their specific activities, and how they compare with their neighbors. But the Jewish Agricultural Society estimates the number of Jewish families on American farms at 15,000, each family averaging five persons—making a total of 75,000 persons. The figures of the J. A. S. show that less than 10 per cent of their applicants were settled by them. About 50 per cent of their applicants were found to have insufficient capital to start with. Of the remaining 40 per cent, it is safe to assume, some undoubtedly bought farms through other agencies than, and without the knowledge of, the J. A. S. Furthermore, the J. A. S. activities are more or less concentrated in the east and middle-west, and there undoubtedly are a number of Jewish farmers in the west and south unknown to the J. A. S. It would therefore be safe to calculate the Jewish American population on farms at between 100,000 and 125,000, or, over three per cent of the entire Jewish population of this country. The percentage may at first seem very small, but it assumes profound significance when we learn that as recently as 1912 the Jewish-American farm population was estimated at 18,590 persons (American Jewish Year Book for 1912.) In other words, about 80,000 to 100,000 Jews have settled on American soil since 1912, during which time, nearly 7 per cent of the American-born farmers have deserted the land. (In 1922, alone, 1,200,000 persons left American farms and flocked to the cities.) Furthermore, in proportion to population, a greater number of Jews have settled on American soil than any of the immigrant Slavs—people whose immediate ancestors were serfs and whose love for the soil is supposedly deep-rooted.

Jewish Farmers Tending Their Chickens

Nor was the element of Jewry that settled on the land drawn from its failures: the average capital possessed per family settled recently by the J. A. S. was $3,554.00; about 70 per cent of those settled had been in this country over ten years; almost all were citizens. Although, amongst both applicants and those settled, one finds various types engaged in a variety of occupations at the time of application, over 50 per cent of the applicants have previous farm experience. These could not possibly have been failures to have had the means, nor can it be said that these people have an inherent hatred for farming since they chose to return to the land despite the previous farm experiences of many of them.

As for the reasons why the American Jew, after 10 to 20 years in this country, leaves the city to settle on the farm, the guesses might be many, but the following may explain it:

Mr. Davidson of the J. A. S. recently sent out a questionnaire to many farmers, one of his questions seeking the reason for their going on farms in the first place. The replies show:

(1) Sixty-three per cent liked farming better than any other occupation; (2) 20 per cent came from small towns and disliked city life; (3) 10 per cent had had previous farm experience and it was difficult for them to adjust themselves to any other occupation; (4) 7 per cent gave ill-health as the reason.

"Jews seem to take to chicken-raising," a Christian friend once told me when we visited Petaluma, California. "But can they raise fruit and grain—can they do real dirt farming?" He seemed to doubt it. Isn't the Jew proverbially averse to productive labor?

But the reports of the J. A. S. show that the Jew can and does raise fruit, grain, and tobacco. There are Jewish farmers in every state in the Union. The J. A. S. is in touch with Jewish farmers in forty states who engage in as great a variety of farming as exists within the bounds of the land.

The success of the Jewish farmers is rather hard to gauge, though the majority do as well as and better than their neighbors. The Jewish farmer who has little or no experience in farming is, in a way, better off than his American neighbor, Mr. Davidson pointed out. The Jewish farmer has nothing to unlearn. Where the American farmer follows tradition, distrustful of every deviation from established ways, the Jewish newcomer has no tradition to block his way. If the tractor does the work faster and better than the horse, the tractor is welcomed, regardless of how his Palestinian ancestors plowed the land. If the experimental station of the state college informs him that potatoes set 12 inches apart and 16 bushels to the acre bring the best results, he has no prejudice to overcome and follows the advice. And usually he gets the better results.

In general, one might conclude that the Jewish farmer in America is making good. In Geneva, Ohio, the Jewish farmers form 25 per cent of the community's farm population, yet they raise 66 per cent of the grape crop

there. Petaluma, California, known as "the egg-basket of the world," is largely Jewish. Toms River, New Jersey, the newest rival of the successful Petaluma, is also largely Jewish. In South Jersey Jewish farmers have distinguished themselves as horticulturists. Jewish farmers are largely responsible for the development of the now famous Connecticut River Valley Tobacco belt. The second largest duck plant on Long Island, the well-known parvenu and duck-center, is run by a Jew who raises nearly 75,000 birds yearly.

When the question of inherent likes and dislikes for farming is discussed, it might be well to cite the case of the man now known as "the grape king of Ohio." The uncrowned king was formerly a painter of houses in Cleveland, little concerned with his supposed inherent racial proclivities. One day he fell off a scaffold and was badly injured. After that he was unfit for house-painting. For the good of his health he was recommended to live on a farm. With his accumulated savings he bought a farm and started to cultivate grapes. Before very long he won the title of "grape king."

Though the Jewish Agricultural Society was organized in 1900 as a Loan Association for Jewish farmers, it gradually added to its activities until, at the present, the loan department is only a minor factor. The primary activity of the J. A. S. is, according to Mr. Davidson, "to get the proper farm for the proper man." When the proper man is properly located, the J. A. S. places at his disposal, free of charge, the service of its various departments.

The extension department offers personal advice to farmers on all their farm problems. The society's representatives visit the Jewish farmers as often as possible; they examine the crops and discuss with each farmer the capacity of his land, the best crops to raise on his particular soil, the question of feed for the cattle and the best ways of "making chickens lay." Whatever questions come in by mail to the J. A. S. are attended to by the office. The extension department arranges agricultural exhibits in the more concentrated Jewish settlements and offers prizes to encourage pride in best products.

The J. A. S. maintains a purchasing service bureau that helps farmers buy higher quality goods at reduced rates. On some poultry supplies, fertilizers, and implements the farmer is often saved from 25 per cent to 30 per cent. This bureau also acts as a selling agency for farmers who wish to avail themselves of this service.

The J. A. S. publishes *The Jewish Farmer*, the only Yiddish agricultural publication in the world. *The Jewish Farmer*, a neatly printed and well written 24-page monthly, offers all the essential forecasts of crops, advice on what to plant and feeding and planting charts of interest to the farmer. It also publishes booklets in Yiddish for the benefit of those Jewish farmers who cannot read English with sufficient fluency. The reception given this printed advice on farming can best be appreciated by considering the response from the farmers, of which the following (incidentally, a literary gem) is an example:

"I am one of those who received your pamphlet on diseases of cattle. I grasped it like a thirsty man. Long have I waited, already 17 years I have been waiting. Since I became a farmer I have been waiting. Since I became a farmer I have been a cattleman, that is, I have been all the time in the dairy business. I am not what you would call a great English scholar, so as to be able to understand the language and to get my knowledge from English books. A book in Yiddish I cried for to all our great scientists! And here, in the midst of it, our beloved Lord sent us down a booklet—a small one but in my native language. Do you know, Mr. Editor, that I studied this booklet by heart, so that I may know everything to the last word of it—a whole well of information in itself. And everything in such order—feeding, watering, about the udder, about the teats—and everything plainly spoken about. I do not know about others, but to me it is a treasure. Just think of it—my cow does not happen to look so well, a look into the booklet and there is the remedy."

* * *

As I glance through my lengthy notes I find that though the Jewish American farmer is to be found in every state of the Union, his activities and successes are concentrated in the east—the states where the hardy, thrifty, persevering New Englander has struggled on the soil, but has given up and is deserting the land.

The appearance of the Jewish farmer in America and his success on the land seems almost like a prophetic warning regarding the present tendency of modern civilization. America, land of perpendicular cities: of mad crowds in search of spangles; of high-powered salesmanship; of idealism with an advertising purpose; of smoke stacks where forests have been ruthlessly hewn down by petty souls; of factories working overtime producing luxuries to be distributed on the installment plan; of immense railroads carrying automobiles to people who have nothing else to do with their leisure but drive through congested traffic to work up an appetite for sizzling froth. The froth of prosperity is intoxicating with its effervescence. But there is poison in the glass. The repeated warnings from modern economists that our present profit-system is bringing on imminent danger to our national life is drowned by the ringing praise of efficiency.

I wonder whether it would be mere sentimentality to conclude that the Jew, having experienced so many diverse disasters in the past, senses the approaching danger of the mad whirl of city life and, by his return to the land in increasing numbers, points the way to a remedy for the turmoil and haste which are gradually undermining the vitality of America.

Broad Leaf Tobacco Field in Connecticut

There is no phase or form of agriculture which the Jewish farmer does not engage in. The kind of grain, fruit, vegetables and animals he raises depends upon the climate of the region in which he lives and the quality of his land. But perhaps the most noteworthy achievements of the American Jewish farmer have been in the raising of tobacco and of poultry. The picture above shows one of the largest tobacco fields owned and operated by a Jewish farmer.

When Europe Had a Jewish Princess

By C. L. Dentler

ALTHOUGH down through the ages rulers of various European countries have both secretly and openly loved beautiful Jewesses, in their domains, and in a few instances have formed morganatic marriages with them, but one Jewess has ever sat upon a European throne.

Several Spanish ballads have told the story of the romantic love of Alphonso of Castile and the lovely Jewess, Rachel. The love of Casimir the Great of Poland and the Hebrew maid, Esterka, has been dramatized by the English playwright, Philippson. Records show the morganatic marriage of the Bulgarian Czar, Alexander, to the Jewish Theodora.

But it was not until 1889 that a Jewess actually ruled as a royal consort; in that year Albert, Prince of Monaco, the absolute ruler of the smallest principality in the world, led to the altar one of the most beautiful, gifted, and winsome Jewesses in all Europe. She was the Duchess of Richelieu, the widow of the late Duke of Richelieu. Before her marriage she was Alice Marie Heine, a cousin of the illustrious German poet, Heinrich Heine. It was her great-grandfather, Heymann Heine, that the poet called "the little Jew with the big beard." Her father, Michel, was also a distinguished member of the great Heine family, being the founder of the large banking house in Paris bearing the family name. He launched this business with the huge fortune he had amassed in New Orleans.

In her girlhood home, and after she became the Duchess of Richelieu, she was always known as Marie, but after her marriage to Prince Albert, she was called Princess Alice. Her early days in the Palace of Monaco were happy ones. In art and music she was highly gifted; this, together with her grace and witty intellect, drew admiring guests from far and near.

Truly it seemed that hers would not be the miserable fate of her predecessor, Lady Mary Douglass Hamilton, who had been driven from the Palace by Prince Albert when he tired of her and had their marriage annulled.

The happy months passed into less happy years until lovely Alice realized that her fortune of 50,000,000 francs had been a potent factor in the eager suit paid her by the Prince.

Back in 1858, the reigning Prince had permitted Monsieur Blanc to set up, within the boundaries of his little kingdom, a great gambling establishment, now the famous Monte Carlo. The agreement was that in return for the favor of location the Prince was to receive a large sum annually to maintain the royal household, to pay the standing army of one hundred men, and to keep up his navy—his own lone yacht. The people of Monaco were to pay no taxes, as the gambling house assumed all government and municipal expenses.

Interior of Casino at Monte Carlo

To the sensitive Princess Alice, the gaming casino at Monte Carlo was most offensive. She hated to see men robbed of their fortunes at the roulette tables, and the many suicides among the players only strengthened her in the feeling that she, as she profited by it, could not wash her hands in innocénce. Her luxuries were at their expense. Her pleadings with Albert fell upon deaf ears. He absolutely refused to yield to her request that he close the infamous place.

In 1898 the term of the concession expired, and the syndicate which now operated it desired to renew the lease for fifty years. The proceeds had grown to such enormous proportions that after maintaining the elaborate casino with all its help, and financing the whole government with its royal household expense, the syndicate was realizing a net profit of over a million dollars a year.

Whether Princess Alice had found remonstrance so ineffective that she thought it useless to hold out longer, or whether the years had accustomed her to its practices, and thus lulled her conscience, we cannot say. But we find in 1898 that she consented to the extension of the concession for fifty years. These are the conditions under which she consented:

Ten million francs were to be given immediately to the Prince; 15,000,000 francs more were to be given in 1914; 2,000,000 francs to be given for a new Opera House; 5,000,000 francs for other needed work; and a subsidy of 25,000 francs for each performance given at the Opera House, of which there were to be twenty-four a year.

The Prince, who had been receiving about 2,000,000 francs a year from the casino, was to get five per cent of the receipts when they exceeded 25,000,000.

The Princess did not remain long to share in these large sums of money demanded. A few years later life there became unbearable to her, and, like Lady Mary Hamilton before her, she left the palace of Monaco to pass out of its history forever.

Few people today who visit Monte Carlo realize that this great establishment is being run, as it will be until 1948, according to the stipulation, in part at least, of the only Jewess who ever sat upon a European throne.

This medieval looking building is the palace of the Prince of Monte Carlo. It is the former home of the only Jewess who ever reigned as a princess in a European country.

Samuel Pepys on Matters Judaic

By Abraham Burstein

IT IS remarkable that in the detailed daily diary of Samuel Pepys, extending with but one short interruption from 1659 to 1669, there is so slight mention of Jews and Judaism. There existed a Jewish colony in London with which Pepys came frequently in contact; and he might have described this with some of the particularization he applied to such matters as the licentiousness of the court and the horrors of the Plague Year.

Most probable is the theory that so unworthy a race, as Israel was then considered by Christians, could hardly have been considered seriously by a Pepysian mind. All descriptions of the Diary speak of the author's "naiveté," as though that were an indication of his true mentality. As a matter of fact, what a man thinks to himself is always naive—he either tells himself simple truths, or tries to delude his conscience in covering up past iniquities. A prominent naval official who was able to amass a small fortune from bribes by contractors of navy supplies, and who so clearly saw the depravity and difficulties of his time, could hardly have been simple-minded. The diary, which was written in so mysterious a shorthand that it was not until 1825 deciphered and published, by the Reverend J. Smith, was Pepys' method of talking to himself—and he seldom entertained self-confidences about the unimportant Jew.

It seems, however, that Pepys, perhaps because of the general interest in theology, did study the Hebrew language as a schoolboy. With the centuries-old obtuseness of non-Jewish educators, the language of the older Scriptures was honored and held separate from the race which first employed it. On the 25th of January, 1659, (really 1660, as the New Year then came on March 25) he wrote, "I called at Paul's Churchyard, where I bought Buxtorf's Hebrew Grammar." And for February 4, 1662, we find this declaration: "And back again to Paul's School, and went up to see the head forms posed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but I think they do not answer in any so well as we did, only in geography they did pretty well."

Even in matters pertaining to Christianity and the New Testament, though Pepys was an assiduous churchgoer and always commented on the sermons he heard, there is but one mention, and that a passing one, of the Jew. This is the entry for January 29, 1659: "(Lord's day.) In the morning I went to Mr. Gunning's, where he made an excellent sermon upon the 2nd of the Galatians, whereby he did prove, that, contrary to the doctrine of the Roman Church, St. Paul did never own any dependence, or that he was inferior to St. Peter, but that they were equal, only one a particular charge of preaching to the Jews, and the other to the Gentiles."

And, as chance references may prove of further interest, let it here be recorded that on May 29, 1667, a musical instrument is mentioned called "the Jew's trump"; this is merely the older name for that popular instrument knowing no racial lines, the Jew's harp. Mention is made, on August 12, 1667, of one Mrs. Manuel, who, on a rainy day, accompanied the Pepys party in a coach—"the Jew's widow, formerly a player, whom we heard sing with one of the Italians that was there." A recital which is reminiscent today of Rosa Raisa and Giacomo Rimini. Later (March 21, 1668) Mrs. Manuel is referred to as "the Jew's wife," who "sings very finely, and is a mighty discreet, sober-carriaged woman, so that both my wife and I are mightily taken with her."

An entry of September, 1662, though irrelevant, will be of interest to Orthodox Jews:

"Twenty-eighth (Lord's day). To the French Church at the Savoy, and there they have the Common Prayer Book read in French, and, which I never saw before, the minister do preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our Church."

Of direct mention of men and matters Jewish there is one most interesting account of the effect in England of the advent of the false Messiah, Sabbatai Zevi. The following is quoted from the entry of February 19, 1665:

"I am told for certain, what I have heard once or twice already, of a Jew in town, that in the name of the rest do offer to give any man 101. to be paid 1001. if a certain person now at Smyrna be within these two years owned by all the Princes of the East, and particularly the grand Signor, as the King of the world, in the same manner we do the King of England here, and that this man is the true Messiah. One named a friend of his that had received ten pieces in gold upon this score, and says that the Jew had disposed of 11001. in this manner, which is very strange; and certainly this year of 1666 will be a year of great action; but what the consequences of it will be, God knows!"

That indeed the year mentioned was accorded great consequence is attested to by this pardonable interpolation from an article in the Jewish Encyclopedia. "During the first half of the seventeenth century some extravagant notions of the near approach of the Messianic time, and more especially of the redemption of the Jews and their return to Jerusalem, were set forth by Christian writers and entertained by Jews and Christians alike. The so-called apocalyptic year was assigned by Christian authors to the year 1666. This belief was so predominant that Manasseh b. Israel in his letter to Cromwell and the English Parliament did not hesitate to use it as a motive for his plea for the readmission of the Jews into England, remarking that 'the opinions of many Christians and mine do concur herein, that we both believe that the restoring time of our Nation into their native country is very near at hand.'"

There is another quotation from Pepys, requiring no further comment, of April 18, 1664. This tells us, at a time of great stress for the British government, of an early Jewish insurance agent. "So I away by coach to the 'Change; and there do hear that a Jew hath put in a policy of four per cent to any man, to insure him against a Dutch war for four months: I could find in my heart to take him at this offer." However, there is no record that Pepys ever did take him.

But the most important, the most generally referred to, and the most direct reference to Judaism is found as the complete entry for October 14, 1663. This is an indictment often made of later Jewish synagogue services; but it is apparent that to Pepys not only the confusion he writes of, but also the strangeness of the customs and languages employed, led him to ascribe a barbaric aspect to the place of worship he visited. The description follows:

"After dinner my wife and I, by

(*Continued on Page* 57)

The Hebrew Bookseller

By E. David Goitein

Illustrated by Vivienne Lazarus

MR. SELBERHILL. Let me introduce you. If you saw him in the train you would mistake him for an opera-singer. He wears a large broad-brimmed hat, carries a continental-looking music-case and has a rotund face that one associates with successful singers. He also wears fur round his coat collar. You would emphatically mistake him for an operatic star until you heard him speak. . . . Most Hebrew booksellers have their places of business (what a silly misnomer!) in the Jewish quarter of the town. In Vienna, in Frankfort, in London, it is the same. Not so Mr. Selberhill. Most Hebrew booksellers are satisfied if they can sell prayer books, printed by Rabbi Rodelheim, (may the memory of the righteous be a blessing) Bibles (with *Rashi*), Talmuds and *talethim.* For instance, the brown-bearded patriarch of . . . is quite satisfied if he can occasionally sell the books just mentioned, adding now and then Maimonides' "Guide for the Perplexed" and "Speeches for *Bar-Mitzvah* Boys" (the former in English, the latter in a sort of English). Not so Mr. Selberhill. He will sell you anything from a Hebrew needle to a Hebrew haystack, metaphorically speaking. I was there last month. A rabbi—who shall be nameless—was also there. He had not come to buy, he had come to read.

"Is Mr. Selberhill in?" I asked the boy.

"He will be back in two or three minutes," answered the boy. An invariable answer. Two or three minutes, two or three hours. It is all one. I would like to tell you about the boy, but Mr. Selberhill will take up all my space.

Mr. Selberhill came in.

"Ach, Mr. Bezalel. You received my poist-card?"

"No."

"*Shlemihl* (to the boy)! Did you send a card to Mr. Bezalel?"

"No, you didn't tell me to."

"I didn't tell you to write him about Bialik, eh? What? What? You ruin my business for me."

"You told me to write to Mr. Simon, not to Mr. Bezalel."

"Well, it doesn't matter," said I. "What was on the post-card?"

He calmed down. "I wrote and told you I now had a Bialik for you."

"Good. I have been wanting it."

"Get down Bialik." (to the boy.)

He brought me a Bialik in Hebrew. "I've got a Hebrew one, I want Samuel's translation."

"You will find the Hebrew better than the English."

"Doubtless. But I have the Hebrew. I came to you three weeks' ago and asked for the translation."

"Take it from me, Mr. Bezalel, you will be pleased to have the Hebrew one; Bialik wrote in Hebrew, I've spoken to him myself."

It is no use arguing with Mr. Selberhill. If he takes an idea into his head, the most skillful surgeon cannot remove it.

"Business is very bad. No one buys Hebrew books in this country." The rabbi looked up.

"This is a good book," he said, "a very good book. I will come and finish it tomorrow."

"I let you have it for one dollar."

"A dollar? But I only have another four pages to read. . . . Good afternoon, Selberhill."

He opened the door and went out.

"That is my customers," said Selberhill sadly. "Now look here, Mr. Bezalel, I've got a book that will interest you. It's expensive, but it's a wonderful book. You told me once you was int'rested in antropology, heh?"

"That is so."

"Here's just the book," he went to the shelves, "and beautiful illustrations. It is only just published. It is only out yesterday."

He took down a dusty text-book on physiology.

"This is not anthropology, this is physiology."

"It is the same thing."

"I think not."

"But I know. I have to sell de book. How should I not know?"

"This is no use to me. The only people likely to want it are Palestinian doctors. Besides you showed me this very book three months ago."

"Mebbe you don't want it. I will not make you buy what you don't want—but there is beautiful illustrations."

After we had talked about the new edition of the *Zohar* on Indian paper, and I had bought one or two books I did not really want but hope some day to read, he asked me what I thought about the crisis.

"The Chinese affair?" I asked, stupidly.

"China," he said, contemptuously. "What has a Jew to do with China? The crisis in Tel Aviv. There are six thousand of the unemployed, heh? Well, what can we do?"

"Surely we have enough of our own problems, what is the use of worrying our heads over the Palestinian trouble?"

This was a red rag to a bull.

"Mr. Bezalel, you make the blood rush into my head. How can you talk like that? '*Our* problems.' What are 'our' problems, heh? It is the Jews in Tel Aviv. They must not be unemployed. We must have good *Yidden* (Jews) in *Eretz Yisroole* and we must give them work or they will leave the country, *chas vesholom.* You make me

like a wild man when you talk in that way. Ach, have you no heart? . . . .

A customer came in. She was obviously not a Jewish lady.

"Have you a copy of the 'Protocols of the Elders of Zion' in Hebrew?"

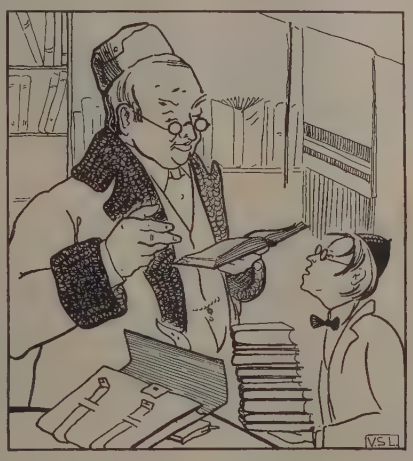
"Of the what?"

"'The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.'"

"Yes. I will get it for you. When do you want it by?"

"As soon as possible."

"You shall have it tomorrow. The boy will go and fetch it. You—take down the name careful. Excuse me, I . . . I . . . can you tell me the name of the author. I forgotten for de moment."



"I think it's anonymous."

"I am *very* interested in secret societies."

"So am I, wonderful interested."

"And as you know, the Jews have a secret society, which is all over the world. . . . You know about it, don't you?"

"The poor woman's mad," he said to me in Hebrew.

"It struck me that the best place to find out the literature of this secret society would be from an Israelitish bookseller. I enquired for an Israelitish bookseller and I was told about you."

"Quite right, madam."

"You *will* be able to get the 'Protocols' for me, won't you?"

"I get the Portugals and anything else, if they exist. Perhaps before you go, you would like to see *'Shir ha-Shirim,'* which is to say the 'Song of Songs' written by King Solomon when he was a young man. It has been wonderfully illustrated by Mr. Rabban—he is a great artist in Jerusalem."

The lady went without buying the Canticles and threatened to return on the morrow. She did not want *'Shir ha-Shirim,'* bu t the illustrations of Rabban appealed to me so strongly that I went away with a copy. I had to pay heavily for it—but I thought it was worth while. . . .

"You will never regret buying it. It is real artistic and it is difficult to buy copies because the number is very limited. . . ."

Three days after my purchase came a 'phone call.

"Is that Mr. Bezalel?"

"Yes," said I. "Who's speaking?"

"It's me."

"Who are you?"

"Moisheh."

"Moisheh who?"

"Moisheh Selberhill, of course. Listen, Mr. Bezalel, I'm sending my boy down to your place. I got a customer. A very wealthy man. He wants to buy my 'Song of Songs' and you have bought my last copy—are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you say so? Well, I am sending my boy. You will let him have it at once. I can't afford to lose a good customer."

"I don't want to sell my copy, thanks, I like it."

"No. You don't sell. You give it to me. I give you another one—when it comes."

"When do you expect a new stock in?"

"Today, tomorrow. Soon. Mr. Bezalel, I have sent the boy. He will be along in a few minutes.

"This is a strange way of doing business."

"How was I to know you was going to buy my last copy?"

"Tell your customer you will be having a new lot in tomorrow."

"But I won't."

"You just said you would."

"To *you* I say it. You are an old customer. Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you say so? I can't hear anything this side of the 'phone. He is a new customer, you are an old one. I can't afford to lose him. He is a very wealthy man. He can't understand Hebrew, but he buys Hebrew books. That is *his* madness. If you like the book he will like it. . . . I just sold him the book on face-iology."

"The one you showed me?"

"Yes. It's a beautiful book. He liked de illustrations. So I shall send my boy—heh?"

He put the receiver up. Ten minutes later the boy came and took my *'Shir ha-Shirim.* . . . I have not received another . . . yet.

Samuel Pepys

(Continued from Page 55)

Mr. Rawlinson's conduct, to the Jewish synagogue; where the men and boys in their vayles, and the women behind a lattice out of sight; and some things stand up, which I believe is their law, in a press, to which all coming in do bow; and in the putting on their vayles do say something, to which others that hear the Priest do cry, Amen, and the party do kiss his vayle. Their service all in a singing way, and in Hebrew. And anon their Laws that they take out of the press are carried by several men, four or five several burthens in all, and they do relieve one another: and whether it is that every one desires to have the carrying of it, thus they carried it round about the room while such a service is singing. And in the end they had a prayer for the King, in which they pronounced his name in Portugall; but the prayer, like the rest, in Hebrew. But, Lord! to see the disorder, laughing, sporting, and no attention, but confusion in all their service, more like brutes than people knowing the true God, would make a man forswear ever seeing them more: and indeed I never did see so much, or could have imagined there had been any religion in the whole world, so absurdly performed as this."

The day, as described, gives every evidence of having been the occasion of the Rejoicing of the Law. But Pepys did not know it.

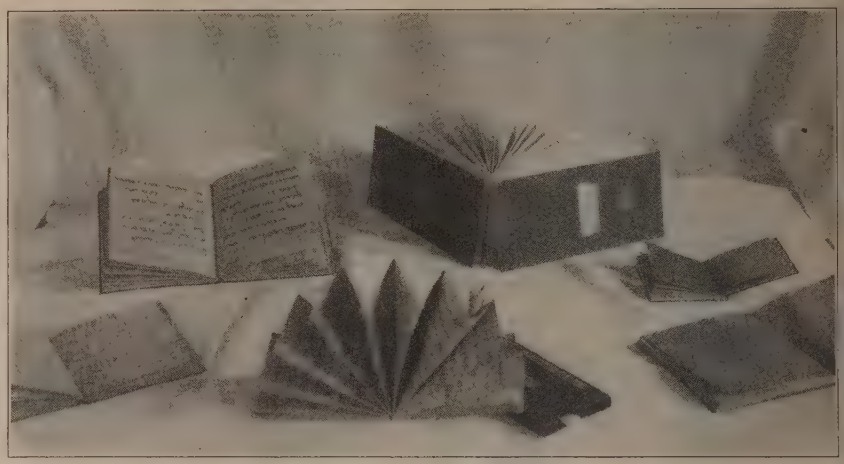
These few references comprise every mention, however remote, to the people of Abraham throughout the great Diary. But even though what little is said may be uncomplimentary to our people, Pepys may yet have his testimony discountenanced by his own defections from virtue, and by an attitude of barbarism that reflected the general degeneracy of his day. Let us quote from October 13, 1660: "I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there. He looked as cheerful as any man could look in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy."

Which leads to the justifiable conclusion that the despised and slighted Jew of that day, whatever his apparent defects, was in fact morally superior to Samuel Pepys and his associates, whether of noble or common estate. The diarist did not, but the Jews did, practice the "Christian" virtues in the seventeenth century.

A Faltering Remnant of Israel

The Tragic Story of the Chinese Jews

By William Klemm



SCATTERED as they are all over the world, the sons of Israel are to be found also in China in a now rather small colony at Kaifeng-fu, in the province of Honan.

The date when the ancestors of these forlorn Jews came to China is not exactly known. Various investigators of this question give different dates. The inscriptions on the walls of the ancient, now demolished, synagogue at Kaifeng-fu also differ. One of them, the oldest (1489), says that 70 Jewish families came to China at the time of the Sung dynasty. As there were two dynasties by that name, one reigning from 960 to 1278 A. D. and the other from 420 to 477 A. D., the arrival of the Jews must have, according to the inscription, taken place during one of these periods. The second inscription (1512) states that "the Jewish religion penetrated into China at the time of the Han dynasty," which dynasty was in power from 206 B. C. to 221 A. D. The only conclusion to be drawn from this divergency is that two groups of Jewish immigrants came to China at different dates—one during the Han and the other during the Sung dynasty.

Finally, the third inscription says that since the reign of the Chow dynasty (1122-249 B. C.) the Jewish religion has been preached in China. But, in the opinion of most of the investigators of the question, this inscription, made in 1663 A. D., deserves no credit —firstly because it contains other data which has been proven incorrect and secondly because the author of it was not a Jew. He was a Chinaman and could therefore have easily been misled.

As for the oral tradition, it puts the arrival of the Jews in China as having taken place during the Han dynasty, that is sometime between 206 B. C. and 221 A. D.

At the time of the first investigation concerning the Kaifeng Jews, early in the 18th century, these Jews had already become considerably assimilated with the native Chinese among whom they lived. Here, as in many other instances, the remarkable capacity of the Chinese to assimilate the peoples with whom they come into close contact had made itself manifest. Even the Jews, despite their extraordinary power of resistance, were unable to withstand this centripetal assimilating force—the Jews who everywhere else throughout the world, in the face of the most fierce opposition, have been able to maintain their unity and entity.

The missionary father, W. A. Martin, who visited Kaifeng in 1886, gives the following account of the local Jews: "The members of six or seven families who formed the Jewish colony confessed to me with shame and sorrow that their holy and beautiful temple had been demolished by their own hands. They added that the building had long been in a state of decay and threatened to fall to ruins at any moment and that they lacked the money to repair it. Besides, they had forgotten their language; the ancient traditions were no longer transmitted from father to son and their religious rites were no longer carried out. Consequently they had yielded to pressing needs and had sold the big beams and stones of which the historic building was constructed, in order to provide for their mundane wants." Elsewhere the same author says: "Few of them (the local Jews) are wealthy and very few of them have a high standard of living. There are some three or four hundred of them left. They are unable to trace their genealogy and they do not keep any family registers; they never assemble anywhere as people who form a community. Up till lately they had a common center, the synagogue, although religious services had long since been discontinued. But the community seems to be following the fate of the synagogue which is now completely demolished. There is no longer any uniting link among them and they are in danger of being absorbed soon by Mohammedanism or Paganism. Lately one of them has become a priest of Buddah. . . ."

Another traveler, Mr. Denis J. Mills, who went to Kaifeng in 1897, says: "In the street which is called 'the Jewish street' we were accosted by the owner of a small shop and we soon heard that he was one of the Jews for whom we were looking. He told us that he was the only Jew who lived in that street, some two hundred other Jewish families being scattered all over the town. . . . We had been told that some of his co-religionists marry heathens and practice idolatry."

* * * * *

A lull in the military operations in the province of Honan, during the current civil war, made it possible for Mr. Solotsky, an Americanized Russian Jew who was sent to China to help his co-religionists, to obtain some information about the present status of the Jewish colony at Kaifeng-fu. This information, kindly supplied by a member of the Kaifeng Canadian Church Mission, disagrees somewhat with the data formerly obtained on the subject. It reads as follows:

"The number of Jews in Kaifeng is about 80, including women and children. In addition there are about 40 Jews scattered in certain districts of

the province of Honan. Most of them are very poor, not much better off than beggars. But two or three families are comparatively wealthy and one man, named Shih, is very rich. Mr. Shih owns two large houses, some shops and some land. He has adopted Christianity and is a silversmith by profession. Many of the Jews are street peddlers and three or four of them are merchants. Very few are farmers or scholars. Most of the young ones are serving as apprentices in one trade or another.

"They look very much like the bona fide Chinese; indeed it is practically impossible to distinguish the Chinese Jews from the Mongolian Chinese. However, one old man of seventy has bluish eyes and a number of the members of the colony have so-called Jewish noses.

"They have no synagogues. In their homes the usual Chinese household gods are kept and worshipped in genuine Chinese fashion. The site of the ancient temple has been sold to the Canadian Church Mission.

"Very few of the Jews can read Chinese and none can read the Hebrew Scriptures."

No concerted missionary effort has ever been made among these forlorn Israelites. It is said that once a Russian Jew and at another time an American Jew came to visit them with the idea of bringing them back into the Jewish fold. But nothing apparently came of this. At another time an American missionary preached to these strange Jews in the church of the Canadian Mission in Kaifeng. He used texts from the Old Testament only and as an additional attraction served them good food. And afterward a Chinese preacher was appointed to work among them for a year. But that was eight years ago and nothing has been done along this line since then.

The Canadian Mission has in its possession a tablet on which is recorded the history of these Jews from the alleged date of their arrival in Kaifeng. This tablet was found amidst the ruins of the old Jewish synagogue where it had been exposed to the ravages of the wind and rain. Also it is supposed to have been partly destroyed by mischievous boys. But another theory is that the Jews themselves destroyed part of the tablet during the infamous Boxer uprising in order to keep secret their identity from the rebelling bandits who they feared might attack them.

Communities Exceed Quotas In Orphan Home Campaign

IN ALL the the communities of District No. 2, workers have come forth and volunteered their services in the $1,000,000 building fund campaign of the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home. And these workers have not merely volunteered; they have labored earnestly and efficiently, and are achieving results that are most gratifying. Without the blowing of trumpets or the beating of drums, these volunteers have been going to the people of the district. They have told the people the needs of the Jewish Orphan Home; they have reasoned with the people, and the people are responding graciously and with open hands.

Cincinnati, living up to its reputation, has already gone over the top. Without publicity meetings or loud demonstrations this city has already raised more than its quota of $100,000. So quietly was the work done that one hardly realized a drive for funds was going on. The dignity and skill with which the money was raised in Cincinnati cannot be praised too highly.

Another Ohio city that went over the top in admirable fashion is Dayton. In three days, Dayton oversubscribed its quota of $35,000 to this $1,000,000 building fund.

A noteworthy feature of the Dayton campaign was the participation of a group of children from the Home in Cleveland. When these children participated in the entertainment given

Entertainers From the "Home"

in connection with the drive, they were most enthusiastically received. By their presence, their excellent deportment, their knowledge and their skill, these youngsters gave palpable proof of the splendid work which the home is doing. And this, no doubt, added momentum to the Dayton drive.

Joseph Thal, chairman of the campaign in Dayton, deserves much credit for his skill and devotion in leading the drive over the top. The other members of the committee, of which Thal is head, also deserve to be congratulated. They are: Rabbi Samuel Mayerberg, Harry Lehman and Sidney G. Kusworm.

Piqua, a small community in the Dayton zone, has also exceeded its quota. It raised almost a thousand dollars more than the $2,500 it was asked for.

One of the remarkable phases of the drive is the enthusiasm it has aroused in the comparatively small communities. An outstanding example of this is the little town of North Manchester, Indiana. The entire population of North Manchester is 3,000, and of Jews there are a mere handful. And already, with the general campaign just beginning to gain real momentum, the Indiana state headquarters report that North Manchester has sent in a list of six subscriptions, totalling $475.00—or almost twice its quota in the combined Orphan Home-Wider Scope Drive.

Isidor Coons, director of the campaign for the Cleveland Orphan Home building fund, after a month's tour of the entire district, predicts that the drive will be successfully completed by January 1, 1928.

News in Views

THREE scenes from the Jewish colonies in Crimea. To the left is a straw-thatched hovel of the type in which many Jewish refugees had to live during the first year of their settlement on the land.

ABOVE is the colony in the third year of its development, showing a row of houses just being completed and a remarkable general improvement over the earlier living conditions. The Jewish colonies in Crimea are looked upon not merely as the salvation for the Russian Jews, physically and materially, but also culturally and spiritually.

ABOVE we see Mr. Felix Warburg with two children of the colonies. The children in these agricultural settlements are growing up sound and healthy human beings and good Jews.

Palestine Photo Service

TO THE LEFT is a group of notables who participated in the laying of the cornerstone of the Mizrachi Teachers' College of Jerusalem. Rabbi Kook is in the center of the group and at his left may be seen Rabbi Meyer Berlin. To his right is the Sephardic Rabbi, Ousiel Jaffa.

THE first A. Z. A. Class to be initiated into the B'nai B'rith Order. The ceremony took place at Omaha, Neb.

U. A. H. C. Photo

ABOVE is one of the famous scenes symbolical of Chanukah, as painted by Professor Ciseri. Hannah is invoking God the Almighty while her seven sons are being done to death because they refused to abjure their religion.

THIS building, distinctive in its architecture, is the new home of the Jewish Alliance Club, Los Angeles, Calif. The club serves as a residence for employed Jewish girls who are strangers in the city. The scope of the Alliance will be materially expanded with the opening of the new club house. There will be increased facilities, superior living conditions and new cultural advantages.

Pacific and Atlantic Photo

IT IS never too late to learn thinks Louis Abramowitz. He is a 78 year old cobbler and a diligent pupil in one of the Brooklyn night schools. Here he is shown doing his home work with the help of Ida Spivack.

A Happy

Chanukkah

PROMINENT laymen and rabbis who toured the country in November in behalf of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. They addressed, in all, 279 mass meetings and did much to further the interests of modern Judaism in the United States.

In the center, seated, is Dr. Julian Morgenstern, President of the Hebrew Union College. To his right is Hon. Alfred M. Cohen, President of the Independent Order B'nai B'rith. Mr. Cohen is also Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Hebrew Union College.

In the Public Eye

Murray Seasongood

IN THE election last month for the Cincinnati City Council, Mayor Murray Seasongood led the ticket by several thousand votes.

Murray Seasongood

To Mayor Seasongood is due a very great deal of the credit for the change in Cincinnati's form of government. He was the outstanding leader in the movement which gave his city its new charter and the City Manager Plan.

Mr. Seasongood is a native Cincinnatian. He was born in the city, of which he is mayor, on October 27, 1878. He was educated at Harvard, where he took the degrees of A. B., A. M., and LL. B., and is a member of the law firm, Paxton, Warrington and Seasongood.

The genial city administrator is a faithful Jew. He is a member of the Rockdale Avenue Temple of Cincinnati and of the "Jewish Big Brothers."

* * *

Dr. Lee K. Frankel

ON December 9th, a testimonial dinner was given at the Hotel Biltmore of New York in honor of the time-tried and beloved communal leader, Dr. Lee K. Frankel. This was in celebration of his sixtieth birthday which came on August 13th of this year, but which was not commemorated then because Dr. Frankel was abroad at the time.

Dr. Lee K. Frankel

Dr. Frankel is known for many services and many achievements, but his latest public commission was his recent tour of inspection of Palestine. He went there as chairman of the committee representing the American non-Zionist division of the Jewish agency.

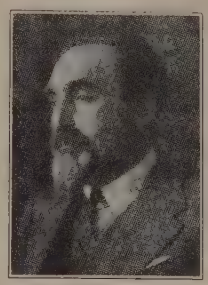
Born in Philadelphia and educated at the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Frankel has had a versatile and many-sided career. He was formerly a consulting chemist and at one time an instructor of Chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania. At present he is one of the vice-presidents of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

From 1899 to 1908 Dr. Frankel was manager of the United Hebrew Charities of New York. In this capacity he showed great organizing ability and set an example for social workers throughout the country. At present he is affiliated with numerous welfare organizations seeking to bring more abundant life to our people and to all people.

* * *

Hermann Struck

HERMANN STRUCK is a great artist and a most singularly remarkable personality. One of the foremost etchers of our day and a master also in oil, pastel and water color, Struck is at the same time devoted wholeheartedly to the welfare of the Jewish people. And it is because of this devotion that Struck is at present in the United States. He has come here as a member of the Mizrachi delegations which was sent to this country to strengthen the Mizrachi or Orthodox wing of the Zionist movement.



Hermann Struck

Struck is a native of Germany, but at present he spends only two months of the year in that country. The remaining ten he lives and works in Palestine.

There are many stories told about Struck's strict observance of the dogmas and rituals of Orthodox Judaism. Yet at the same time, this most Jewish Jew is the very soul of tolerance, in art and letters as well as in religion, loving Heine and Anatole France with a devotion that borders on idolatry.

Mrs. Henry Moskowitz

IN A recently published book about Governor Alfred Smith of New York, it is revealed that Mrs. Henry Moskowitz is and has for a number of years been the governor's most trusted confidential adviser.

Mrs. H. Moskowitz

She was educated in the public schools and the Teachers' College of New York City. Entering the field of social and public service at the age of 18, Mrs. Moskowitz has done notable work as manager of the labor department of the Dress and Waist Manufacturers Association, as secretary of the New York City Mayor's Commission on National Defense, and as secretary of Governor Smith's Labor Board. She is an active member of the New York City section of the Council of Jewish Women.

* * *

Rabbi Herbert Samuel Goldstein

AT THE convention of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, held last month in New York, Rabbi Herbert Samuel Goldstein was re-elected president of the Union.

Rabbi H. S. Goldstein

Rabbi Goldstein was born in New York City on February 8, 1890. He was educated at Columbia University and the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. Ordained rabbi in 1913, Herbert Samuel Goldstein is at present spiritual head of the Institutional Synagogue of New York City. Also he is assistant professor of Homiletics at the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary and director of the Rabbi Jacob Joseph School.

The Printed Page

n the Steppes, by James N. Rosenberg. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

MR. JAMES N. ROSENBERG, philanthropist, artist and organ-er, now distinguishes himself also as notable diarist. "On the Steppes" is uite different, refreshingly so, from ne common or "Pepys" variety of iary. Hours of rising, foods con-umed, headaches suffered, amours in-ulged in—all such entries are to be ooked for in vain; for strangely enough his diary is particularly impersonal. t is a daily account of what the author eard and saw during a trip through Crimea, in the spring of 1926, on be-alf of the Joint Distribution Commit-ee, of which he is Vice-Chairman.

Mr. Rosenberg proves himself to be ossessed of an acute power of observa-ion and a most delightful manner of escribing and interpreting the scenes vhich he visited. From the first im-ressions of Russia to the last account f many inspections of Jewish agri-ultural colonies on the Steppes, the arrative is intensely fascinating and timulating, and presents a strikingly ivid picture of the new life of the ews in the land of the Soviets.

Consider, for example, this descrip-ion of a May Day celebration in the Red Square of Moscow:

"Waves of cheers as in a Harvard-Yale game. Roar of the Surf. The heers roll back and forth. Music. The uzz and roar of airplanes overhead. Twenty, thirty of them in formation. Cannons boom. Twenty-one salutes. Vorashiler has mounted the reviewing tand. He speaks into a megaphone. There is an amplifier too. His voice ills the great square. He is addressing he soldiers. The new ones are being worn in. Grawer tells me the main heme of Vorahiler's speech is that the Russian Army is not for aggression, nly for defense. Splendid. That's vhat secretaries of war always tell the armies. He barks out short phrases. They are repeated by ten thousand voices."

This is, however, incidental. The main theme is of course the great colonizing work of the Agro-Joint, under the direction of Dr. Rosen. Each colony of former city Jews, hopelessly uprooted by the revolution and finding no means of livelihood in the Soviet System, now miraculously being transformed into enthusiastic, independent farmers, is described with a new and intimate insight that makes thrilling reading. Mr. Rosenberg has a rare knack of getting at the heart of things; and, with remarkable brevity, he reports salient details in such a manner as to make the story very real. Others have written of present conditions in Russia and of the Jewish colonization work in the Crimea, but none has created so illuminating and complete and, withal, so fascinating an account as this.

D. B.

Sons of Israel, by Joseph Mendel Kesslinger. (Dorrance).

THE fact that Joseph Mendel Kesslinger makes his vivid novel, "Sons of Israel," a plea for intermarriage between a Jewish dreamer and a lovely Christian maiden is nothing against the book either on the grounds of fiction or propaganda. From the now somewhat obsolete "Melting Pot" to the still-blooming "Abie's Irish Rose," we have been treated to various versions of the same theme. And to all these works our answer, like Shylock's, has been nothing but a patient shrug. For even a novelist or a playwright is entitled to his own opinion.

But the publisher's note on the inside cover flap discloses an anti-Semite lurking in the literary woodpile. It runs: "A stirring and convincing novel dealing with the gradual dissolution of Jewish Orthodoxy in America and the revolt of the young Sons of Israel against Old World superstition and tradition in their struggle for self-development and happiness." Which may be translated: "I'm not contented, gentle reader, to tell a story of two young people whose love was strong enough to overleap the tradition and inhibitions of centuries. Instead I will justify my conclusion by showing you the depths of a Judaism any self-respecting Jew would want to climb out of as soon as he opened his eyes to the degradation of his people."

The Jews of Sochevo are painted with blistering satire—they are ignorant, superstitious, intolerant, fanatical. In New York the hero encounters Jews who are just as obnoxious: dishonest in business, loud, vulgar, fearful of their Gentile neighbors. And when he does go to the synagogue *("weh is mir!")* he has to choose a *yom tov* when his sensitive soul is shocked by the sale of seats. No wonder this disillusioned son of Israel seeks consolation, not in the bosom of the church, but in the arms of a very liberal Christian.

Such is Mr. Kesslinger's brief for intermarriage. The story is interesting enough; but although an author has a right to select his own material (and who dare say the conditions he describes do not exist—among Jews, Christians and perhaps Mohammedans—) we feel that by showing only one side of the picture he has not only written most dishonestly, but weakened his case as well. One wonders, too, why he was never fortunate enough to meet any really respectable Jews?

ELMA EHRLICH LEVINGER.

A History of the Literature of Ancient Israel, by H. T. Fowler. (Macmillan Company.)

PROFESSOR FOWLER of Brown University has done a most interesting and useful piece of work, which will be of service to biblical students and to anyone interested in a summary of the Bible as a literary product. His book is not the usual Old Testament history nor the usual technical introduction to the Old Testament. It is simply a history of the literature of the ancient Hebrews, written exactly as one might write a history of the literature of ancient Greece or modern England.

The theory behind the book is that of the modern historical criticism, but not in its most radical aspects. Professor Fowler walks with the English critics rather than the German; that is he gives Israel full credit for creative originality, he takes the literature as it comes rather than changing it about to suit some fine spun theory.

It gives one a very real thrill to take up the Bible anew, not as a book with definite order of parts, definite religious ideas, and the like, but to read it merely as a collection of the literature of a great productive people, to see the growth from the primitive verses of a nomad tribe to the beginnings of a national history, from the individual, native fire of the early prophets to the elaborate poetry and reasoned faith of the Psalms and Job.

LEE J. LEVINGER.

A University Jewish Summer School in England

By George Webber

IN A HOSTEL at Bangor on the North Wales coast, about ninety Jewish students and graduates, men and girls, drawn from the far flung universities of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland held annual summer school for a fortnight. They all came to make holiday, a few to learn of Jewish lore, most to unite pleasure with instruction. There was no rule, no compulsion. After the day's work was done or the sport at tennis, or when we were refreshed in the cool waters of Anglesey, we returned to the hostel happily fatigued.

On topics numerous and various, the school deliberated. But one fundamental subject was the basis whereon all the lectures were built: the solution of the modern problems of Anglo-Jewry. What is the attitude of the Jewish student to Judaism? How can we remedy the legal difficulties under Jewish law of the married Jewess? How should a Jewish minister be trained? With what ideals inspired? Should he bring controversy into the pulpit or stand high above social and communal and political storms? All these questions were considered. We turned to the problem of inducting the Jewish graduate into communal work, the necessity for groups of graduates to act as communal outposts. Then came a leader of liberal Judaism who expounded to a turbulent audience its basis, its message.

Informing all the lectures and discussions—indeed the whole school—was a certain spirit. They were co-related in fact as well as in name, not merely in substance but in spirit. They were expressions of the desire for Jewish life.

In Oxford and Cambridge there are student synagogues. But aside from them you must go to summer school to see a *shul* of students.

Service on Friday eve and Sabbath morning became an integral part of life at the hostel—as integral (*le havdil*) as the Snowden climb. Did you profess intellectual Olympianism, or a mere nationalism, or a barren hedonism? Nothing did it avail you. To absent yourself from service was an *unsocial* act. For you were separating yourself from a group of which Jewish social prayer was a fundamental expression.

But once you came! No beautiful synagogue of mahogany and marble met your gaze. No "spiritual" and spiritually chilling message came sonorously from lofty lectern. The common room became the House of Prayer. A lawyer was *chazan*. A scientist read the *Torah*. A preacher—one of us—preached. In the mixed choir the voices of an advocate and a student of theology were loudly heard. The service was in traditional Jewish mode. The *shammash*—too, one of us—greeted the congregation on the executive's behalf.

How many have the opportunity of hearing such an exposition of *Hazon Yeshayohu* on the afternoon of *Shabbath Hazon*, as we heard on the lawn above the Menai Straits? Few of us hear today a talmudic disquisition; few a biblical exposition; fewer still a chapter of Bible explained critically and creatively.

Tisha B'ab fell on the first Sunday of the school. On *Mozei Shabbath*, service was held. Some sat on cushions. A chapter of Lamentations was read in English. Then followed the slow chanting of *Echah*. A lawyer chanted a chapter, and then a student of theology. A lawyer again resumed. A doctor chanted and then an advocate. . . . Many abstained from food till the day was high, some till eventide.

No college but has its cry, its song. What was the cry of the Summer School?

Striven has the Inter-University Jewish Federation with valour to popularize a cry voicing with strident clamour the initial letters of its name. With valour it has striven but without success. A small hierarchy hold the unsought secret.

We were rich in song. Our jolly warden was responsible for not a few English parodies set to the tune and the lilt of Gilbert. But two years before, to the Summer School at Windermere a man from Tel Aviv had brought a *Shirah Hadasha—Boker*—song of rejuvenation. This has grown into a song book of Hebrew and Yiddish and English songs. With these we began the summer school. The voice of song was rarely silent from the rooms and corridors. Those tender words of Jeremiah

"Zocharti loch Hosed Neurayich"

were sung by a self-constituted quartet, time and again, on the stairs, after dinner, in the concert room, and on the unperturbed serene of Anglesey.

* * *

It was the last dance. The national anthem had been played, *Hatikvoh* sung. The lights were lowered. In the University Hall at Bangor, in the second hour of the morning, *Zocharti Loch* resounded against the surrounding quietude. . . . And finally, let me not forget the two-day Council meeting! Common Room became the Council Chamber. Here delegates from almost a score of student societies reviewed the year and planned the future.

This union of English student societies, the Inter-University Jewish Federation—how wide and varied its activities! Books for the Jerusalem library! Money for the hostel at Jerusalem! Relief for the distressed East European students. With student societies abroad contact is maintained by a Colonial correspondent and a foreign correspondent. A pamphlet on *Numerus Clausus* will soon be published. A Jewish song book has recently seen the light. The Federation speaks to societies, individuals and the outside world through its organ *"The Jewish Academy."* Sir Robert Waley-Cohen, lay leader of the Jewish War Memorial, is head.

A movement significant, progressive, urgent.

Last year's was the seventh summer school held by the Federation—Oxford and Ilkley, Leamington and Windermere and Bangor! Wonderful words of varied meaning, rich in import, brimful of living recollection!

A priceless boon to most! Here, as in no other place and on no other occasion, one was a "Jew at home, a Jew abroad." Here one could think. Here student fellowship and human friendship were encountered in an encounter which none will forget and most renew.

Marc Chagall

By Isaac Lichtenstein

CHAGALL has appeared at the right time—at a time when the world of art is turned topsy-turvy. Chagall comes with a smile of confidence and whispers in our ears the secret that the world is wonderful and life enchanting. . . . And should we not be willing to take him at his word,

Marc Chagall

he can paint it for us and actually prove it to us.

It was some time before people realized that Chagall was really in earnest. Slowly the feeling grew that the artist was inviting us into worlds evoked from dreams. He wants us to soar aloft with him.

Chagall has made a remarkable journey from Vitebsk to Paris. He has taken great strides over the cracked, crooked roofs of the miserable Jewish hovels to the slender, steel Eiffel Tower. He entered Paris like a fly entering a spider web. The little Jew from beyond the *Red Sambatyon* was now to become a citizen of the world. He had brought with him a *tallis*, his *tephilin*, and a small magic fiddle with which to soothe his oppressed spirit.

When Chagall says that all mornings are beautiful, we should believe him; for he proves it in his own peculiar, artistic manner, bearing flowers to his beloved, stealing an early morning kiss, or sailing aloft among the clouds. It must indeed be a beautiful morning when, having just awakened, he is still with one foot in his bed and the other in the wash basin—a gloriously beautiful morning in which a musical young man may interpret his wonderful night dreams in the pure, clear tones of his violin. Happy or sad, the violin always serves the artist, just as it came to the aid of his grandfather who loved to play, hidden away somewhere, either among the branches of a tree or on the roof of a crooked Lithuanian hut.

There was a time when Chagall, like his grandfather, did not part for an instant from his violin. The grandson has put his grandfather's violin into his paintings. In joy and in sorrow, the little fiddle sings a fitting tune. Even when all around was sadness and darkness, when death was soaring in the gloomy little town—when a corpse had been borne out into the dark and dreary street, the old grandfather went up on the sloping roof and played his fiddle. This is the tale which Chagall narrates in that extraordinarily sad picture of the corpse lying on the dark street between lighted candles — a most eerie elegy. A picture which belongs to those first artistic steps in that strange, fantastic region which is Chagall's world.

It should not be difficult to write about Marc Chagall. There is a world of anecdote about him which increases from day to day. Chagall, himself, is not one of the silent ones and he makes no pretence of modesty. He has written a fine book of reminiscences and from time to time, when the opportunity arises, he favors us with new ones. His style of writing is very lively and he seasons, and often even sweetens, his remarks with humor in his own peculiar artistic manner which is akin to that used in his paintings.

Vitebsk is the artist's birthplace, but Paris is the world in which he grew up. Lithuania is his heart, his soul, and France constitute his work room. Therefore, his work, though thoroughly Jewish, is at the same time a bit exotic —like the Arabian Nights' tales it is as wonderful and as beautiful as life itself. (I can imagine how these words will be received by the sceptic and pessimist.) But Chagall's paintings are not intended for them or those of their ilk. Chagall is not interested in solving problems. He is neither sceptical nor hypercritical. He is one of those who delight in life and joyfully absorb its charm in a simple, artistic manner —with a playful, naive smile.

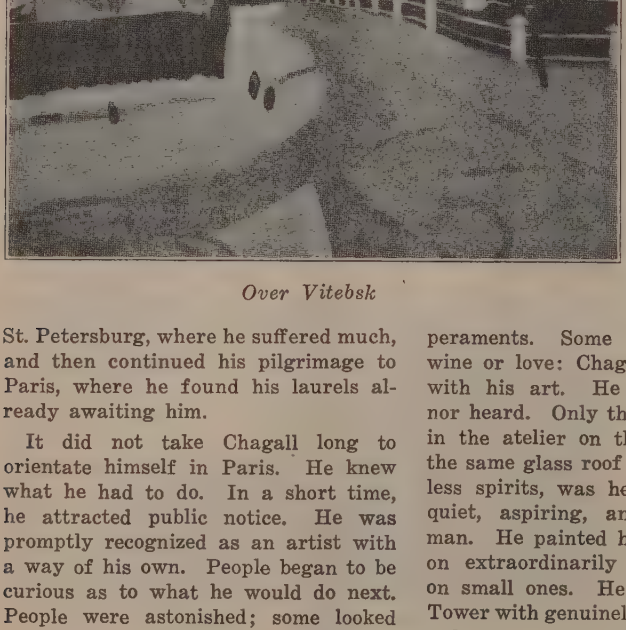
He is a subjective lyricist and sees himself everywhere, in the heavens and on the earth. All occurrences, visions and observations are to him personal records, reflections of himself and of himself alone. He paints his own portraits. The world is full of him. He soars in the universe and besides him there is only a mirror which gives back his reflection.

Paris Through a Window

Chagall's paintings are dedications, odes, and subjective paraphrases, as well as stories and hymns, grotesques and humoresques and satires. However, he likes best of all to smile and to represent the fantastic in his own peculiar manner, confidently, with the

naivete of a child. His art has no metallic ring and does not reverberate; it rather suggests a wind sound as of an aeolian harp—a ghost sound.

Chagall began his artistic training in Vitebsk in an art school conducted by a provincial maestro named Pen. Pen's former pupils are to be met with in various parts of the world and every one of them, just like Chagall, can tell some interesting anecdotes about Pen and his school. Chagall talks of his teacher with a great deal of affection and in a most romantic manner. It is very difficult to determine just what Chagall learned at Pen's school, but one thing is certain and that is that he was awed there and gained a great deal of respect for art. It was there that he got his idea of the greatness of painting. It seems that this, or a similar conviction, led him to go to St. Petersburg, where he suffered much, and then continued his pilgrimage to Paris, where he found his laurels already awaiting him.



Over Vitebsk

It did not take Chagall long to orientate himself in Paris. He knew what he had to do. In a short time, he attracted public notice. He was promptly recognized as an artist with a way of his own. People began to be curious as to what he would do next. People were astonished; some looked askance, some praised him a little, not much, some condemned him, while some, not infrequently, laughed, and very often smiled. It was not for nothing that a Russian critic, somewhere, exclaimed:

"God's smile shines forth from Chagall's paintings."

In Paris, where the long Rue de Vaugirard ends, near *Porte Versailles*, Bouchet, the French sculptor, has built an artists' colony from the leftover materials of the great international exposition, held in Paris at the beginning of the present century. This remarkable art haven has the charming name of *La Ruche* (the bee hive), an excellent and simple symbol of industry or drowsiness, according to the season. In this *La Ruche* live those who wish to obtain ateliers at small cost, or for nothing. Life is not only cheaply maintained there, but it is also cheerful and jolly in that exotic and variegated artistic Bohemia. During the years of the war, it was a haven for the endless stream of artists which poured into Paris from everywhere. It was the Mecca, or the Klondike of modern civilization and culture.

About the year 1912, Marc Chagall, among others, wandered to *La Ruche*. He was a pale youth with blond, curly hair and bright, childish eyes. He settled in that "beehive" and lived up to the symbolic name of the colony. He was the most industrious bee in *La Ruche*. The "beehive" was alive day and night. There were discussions, arguments, singing and noise. Chagall, however, worked busily, taking no part in the excited buzzing of those young, enthusiastic temperaments. Some were drunk with wine or love: Chagall was intoxicated with his art. He was neither seen, nor heard. Only this was known that, in the atelier on the top floor, under the same glass roof with all those restless spirits, was he to be found: the quiet, aspiring, and reserved young man. He painted his strange pictures on extraordinarily large canvases or on small ones. He covered the Eiffel Tower with genuinely Jewish grotesques or he transported strange, little "green" Jews to the noisy Parisian boulevards.

Chagall never disturbed his neighbors of the "beehive" by word or deed. And, if any one ever interfered with his quiet industry, there were always plenty of old, dilapidated shoes which he could fling quite effectively, so as to quiet the boisterous company in the neighboring ateliers. He now lives far away from all that—with his wife and child—in the aristocratic part of Paris in that beautiful, quiet spot, the *Bois de Boulogne*, far from that former noisy Bohemia.

It is a far cry from *La Ruche* to the *Bois de Boulogne*, but it is not such a

In the Yard

distant journey for every one. It depends on the artist. But there are some artists who will never emerge from *La Ruche*, no matter how excellently they may paint. Chagall had a hard struggle. The war exiled him from Paris back to his old home in Vitebsk. For years, until after the Russian Revolution, he was active in Russia. He organized and conducted an art school for children, painted stage scenery, and executed mural paintings for the Jewish theater. At the beginning of the Bolshevist regime, he returned to western Europe, being impelled by an ambition to conquer the world of art. And he succeeded. He now belongs to those few who have not only broken through the old walls, but have also erected new, iron walls.

Chagall's work is epoch-making. He has influenced a host of imitators. Chagall, himself, has not clung to his early, artistic methods, perhaps, because in a sense, they were not really his own. He was in the habit of making use of a great many outside suggestions which, of course, he applied in his own, typical manner. He balanced between various modern tendencies, borrowing various extreme suggestions and creating out of these his own peculiar characteristics. Beginning with Impressionism, he passed rapidly through Futurism and Expressionism. He merely brushed against Cubism and this light contact produced a kind of Formism. Chagall's style cannot and should not be defined as a definite and fixed artistic form. His is a charming, heaven-endowed nature, in the true sense of the word. He is to be regarded as an impulsive force which takes no account of artistic laws, but is gloriously irresponsible. He is a blending of positive and nega-

ive virtues and faults, therefore, very uman.

In a Jew, who is at the same time n artist, one seeks the characteris-ically Jewish traits. But the detectors f national characteristics will find othing in Chagall. They will only ave to return empty-handed and con-used. His work is so thoroughly imple; it does not masquerade in ymbols. It is free from sentimentality. here is no sign of the *Goluth*, no ailing or lamentation. On the con-rary, there is instead an ocean of umor and good cheer.

Chagall paints every-day Jews. They ay be seen striding through the ewish hamlets, staff in hand, with acks on their backs, like the one who trides "over Vitebsk," in the air, over he roofs of the miserable, poor hovels hich are half sunk in the mire. These ews of Chagall's are indeed *luft-enschen*, in the true sense of the ord; for do they not soar in the air ike no other human beings? But is his to be taken as a symbol? By no eans. It is merely a characteristic, picturesque representation, a hu-norous character sketch. Then there s the painting of the large head with he *Shel Rosh* on its forehead. It may e regarded as an expressive, exotic rotesque, a fine artistic motif, a sort f fantastic prelude to a still more rotesque conception. These are in-eed simple, but at the same time, harming fantasies which are so per-ect as to need no interpretation.

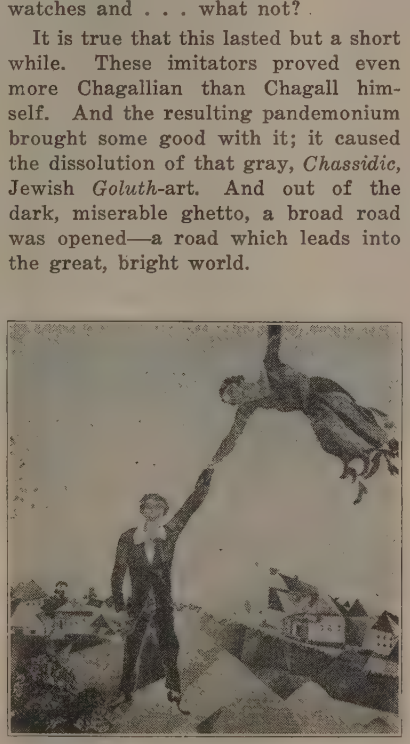
It is a well known fact that nearly ll of the Jewish artists have made requent use of similar motifs, but ach of them has done so in his own ay and after his own peculiar man-er. But there is a vast difference etween these portrayers, who bewail he unfortunate *Goluth* Jew, and the mpartial Chagall. Nearly all of the ationalist Jewish artists have pre-served their Jews in a cloyingly sweet, yrupy sentimentalism, but Chagall is simple and direct. Therefore, he comes closer to artistic truth. Chagall makes o pretence of being a specifically Jewish artist.

He is an improvisator. He is also very naive; but there is nothing bad about that, and many an artist might envy him his trait. Chagall is a meteoric explosion which lights up the heavens and makes a notable impression here and there. . . . He is not an artist of today, nor of tomorrow, but of yester-day. He is a primitive and archaic artist. He has studied artistic prob-lems, but he has returned to the old, awkward, plastic methods. One may say that, in a certain sense, he is a progressive retrospectivist.

There may be a great deal to cavil at in his work, but it cannot be passed over without recognition. It may be regarded either with great love or with condemnation, but indifference is im-possible. Chagall and his creations cannot be measured by any accepted, ordinary standard. One can never be certain what he will present to us the next minute. He is not stable nor settled, but is a product of a twilight-period, when the day has not yet ended and the night not yet begun. He, himself, is a dreamer who neither wakes nor sleeps. Therefore does he create such strange things and, there-fore, also, he is not responsible for his negative virtues and positive faults.

Chagall's art is thoroughly individ-ualistic, a very, very personal creation. Therefore, it cannot be imitated with-out losing the charm of creative im-pulse or becoming a questionable fabrication of grotesque spasms. When Chagall and his work became the vogue there appeared a legion of imitators and then things became very lively indeed. Houses began to fly, and people, chairs, tables, benches, watches and . . . what not?

It is true that this lasted but a short while. These imitators proved even more Chagallian than Chagall him-self. And the resulting pandemonium brought some good with it; it caused the dissolution of that gray, *Chassidic*, Jewish *Goluth*-art. And out of the dark, miserable ghetto, a broad road was opened—a road which leads into the great, bright world.



THE PROMENADE
This is one of Chagall's most character-istic and best known works.

New York is Gayest in December

THE social season is at its height—the thea-tres offer the finest productions—Broadway playgrounds are alive with talented entertainment—the shops brightly display their fascinating offerings. New York's happy activ-ity reaches its peak in December.

Here at the McAlpin, we keep pace with the surge of the Season. The Hotel brightens up—the entire McAlpin Staff speeds up its service to thousands of discriminating guests who expect so much from New York during December.

So let me remind New York visitors that, regard-less of the "rush" of bus-iness, the McAlpin renders its same superlative ser-vice—serves the usual cuisine of excellence—Ernie Golden and his famous McAlpin Orches-tra entertain every day—

And a spirit of Holiday friendliness pervades to make your December visit a genuine pleasure.

When may we expect you?

Arthur L. Peg.
Managing Director

HOTEL McALPIN
"Where the White Way Begins"

Eastward March of the Wider Scope Movement

THE organization of the Wider Scope Committee of the city of New York took place on Tuesday, November 29, 1927. Abram I. Elkus, is honorary chairman of the committee. Maurice P. Davidson, chairman of the Wider Scope Committee for District No. 1 of the I. O. B. B., presided at the meeting at which the committee was formed. Dr. Boris D. Bogen, secretary of the Order, and James N. Rosenberg were among the speakers.

A partial list of the members of the committee include: Clarence G. Bachrach, Maurice Bloch, Prof. A. Broderick Cohen, Louis Fabricant, Charles Hartman, Joshua Kantrowitz, Samuel Kramer, Congressman Sol Bloom, Judge William Blau, Commissioner Louis I. Harris, Joseph Barondess, Congressman Emanuel Celler, Herman Asher, William H. Chorosh, Judge Gustave Hartman, Senator Philip M. Kleinfeld, Rabbi Nathan Krass, Judge Edward Lazansky, Judge Harry E. Lewis, Rabbi Samuel Schulman, Judge Alfred Frankenthaler, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Joseph Rosenzweig, Benjamin C. Ribman, Judge Otto Rosalsky and Judge Albert Cohn.

Louis Fabricant was elected treasurer, and Prof. A. Broderick Cohen, secretary, of the committee.

Enthusiastic reports are being received from the various localities of District No. 2, where the final lap of the campaign is about to reach the entire quota for the district. Kansas City, one of the leading communities of the District, reports that 90% of the quota has been reached and the campaign is still continuing. In this city, as in a number of others, the Wider Scope Drive is united with the Jewish Orphan Home campaign.

The state of Indiana is energetically proceeding with its efforts and the entire quota of that region is absolutely certain.

* * *

THERE is no let-up in the efforts of District No. 3. Particularly praiseworthy is the good work being done by the tireless leader, the Honorable Joseph L. Kun, who almost single-handedly secured Philadelphia's subscriptions. Already 50% of the district's quota has been raised. And with the concerted efforts which the workers are putting in, it is certain that District No. 3 will go over the top.

* * *

FROM District No. 4 comes the report of renewed efforts in San Francisco. In that city, the Wider Scope Campaign was included in the Welfare Fund Drive, and 80% of the quota has been raised. But because the activities of the Hillel Foundation are being expanded, it is predicted that the Wider Scope Campaign will receive its full quota.

* * *

THE aim in District No. 5 is to reach as much of the quota as possible before the annual convention of the district. Mr. Joseph Wilner, the president of the district, is now concentrating his efforts on Washington, D. C. The other cities in the district, except Baltimore, are already lined up.

* * *

FROM District No. 6 also come heartening reports. Robert Lappen, president of the District Grand Lodge, reports that he is ready to go ahead with the campaign in Des Moines, his home city. Des Moines is known as a public-spirited community and it surely will do its share in this campaign.

In Detroit, the Jewish Welfare Federation has made a large subscription which covers the city, aside from the B'nai B'rith membership.

Milwaukee sends encouraging reports. Under the able leadership of B. E. Nickoll, this city is conducting a unique campaign, so engineered as not to interfere with other drives. The results are gratifying.

With the renewed efforts which are now being made, it is hoped that District No. 6 will soon reach its quota, of which 70% has already been subscribed.

* * *

IN DISTRICT No. 7 all is set to go. Louis Pizitz, of Birmingham, Ala., who is district chairman, has been eagerly waiting to start the drive. He was ready to get the good work going weeks ago. And it was only because he did not wish to interfere with the raising of money for the Home for the Aged in Memphis that he has delayed the opening of the campaign. In accordance with the resolutions adopted at the last meeting of the District Grand Lodge, he will start the drive immediately after the first of the year. His able and enthusiastic co-worker, A. B. Freyer, District Vice-Chairman, is absorbed at present in the work of organizing committees who will have charge of the undertaking in the various regions and communities of the district. State chairmen have already been chosen. They are: Simon Rosewald, Alabama; Judge Louis Joseph, Arkansas; Dr. Sylvan Meyer, Mississippi; Nathan Cohn, Tennessee; Morris Meyer and Harry Sigel, Texas; Rabbi Emil W. Leipziger, Louisiana; and David Schonwald, Oklahoma. The state vice-chairmen who have been chosen are: Dr. Jerome Marx, Alabama; Louis Cohen, Arkansas; Dr. Samuel Rabinowitz, Mississippi; Emanuel Kline, Tennessee; E. R. Kaufman, Louisiana; and Julius Livingston, Oklahoma. Associates selected are: Joseph Beitman, Alabama; Leo Pfeifer, Arkansas; Gabe Jacobson, Mississippi; Jules Block, Oklahoma; H. Oppenheim, Tennessee; M. Phillipson, Texas; and M. J. Weiss, Louisiana. Honorary members of the committee at large for the district are: Myron M. Goldman, E. R. Bernstein and Elias Gates.

It is with sorrow that we report the loss of an energetic and faithful Ben B'rith and an enthusiastic advocate of the Wider Scope activities, Louis Morris of Ft. Worth, Texas. Notwithstanding his manifold activities, he willingly accepted the responsibility of serving as one of the vice-chairmen of the Ft. Worth community.

It is not in the least doubtful that District No. 7 will more than raise its quota in the campaign. A very large proportion of the Jewish population in that part of the country are members of the B'nai B'rith—including scions of some of the oldest and most aristocratic families in the South.

The spirit in which two cities of the district, Memphis and Nashville, greeted Alfred M. Cohen, the President of the Order, on his recent visit there, indicates that they are wholehearted supporters of the ideals and aims of the B'nai B'rith. Among other things, these very wide awake communities volunteered their readiness to do their part in carrying through the Wider Scope campaign.

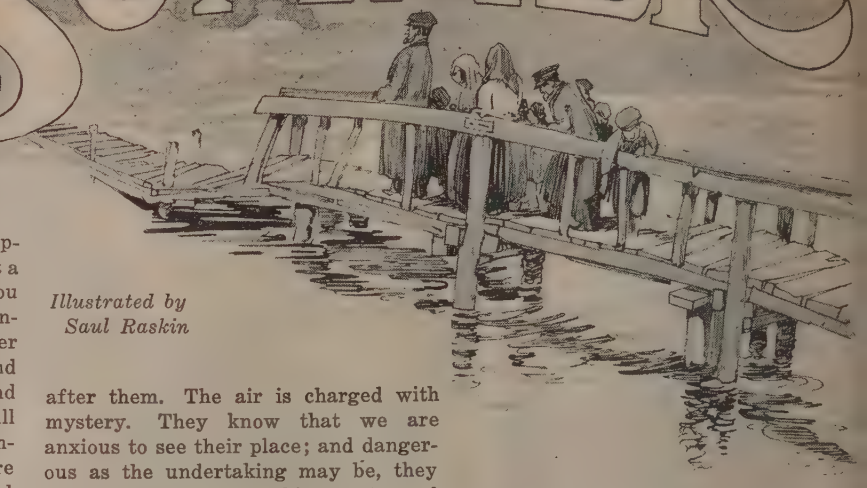
B'NAI B'RITH WIDER SCOPE CAMPAIGN

A few of the leaders of District No. 4

The National Headquarters of the Wider Scope Committee, 40 Electric Bldg., Cincinnati, is open to receive individual donations. This appeal is not limited to members. The Cause of the Wider Scope Committee concerns itself with every family, every community in American Jewry. The results of the work of the Wider Scope Committee are seen in the revival of Jewish ceremonies in the home and in the creation of youthful Jewish leaders through the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations at universities and the Aleph Zadik Aleph, the Junior Order of B'nai B'rith.

SUMMER

By MAX ROBIN



Illustrated by Saul Raskin

(Continued from November)

THE parlor is like a barrack. A copper lamp hangs over the table, not a new, not an ordinary lamp; and you wonder from whom it has been inherited. From a corner the dresser beckons to us with its fancy combs and reinforced brushes, bone hairpins and array of distinguished bottles still emanating a faded scent of the imported perfume, consumed long before our advent. We delight in fondling and sniffing these attractive toilet articles, but for some time past we have been forbidden to do so by father.

The guests have completely installed themselves in the kitchen. In his deepest baritone father has started to improvise a tune; his hand at the back of his head, he is pacing the kitchen, and after him Uncle Nachman, unsuccessful in his attempts to assist. Aunt Etl has busied herself with the women. Among the younger ones some have begun to sulk; but Uncle Shimin is coming to join us.

And then our missing cousins, Paisie and Moishke, burst into the house. These two sons of Aunt Etl have been out adventuring in the neighborhood marshes, where only the previous week a boy had been drowned. The younger one, Moishke, has come back with one shoe, but he is not taking his loss to heart.

"See what they have made of themselves!" cries their mother, holding each up by the hand. "And this I have to endure from them every day."

"I would make one's leg longer and the other's arm shorter," sarcastically advises father.

They stand, like chimney sweeps blinking furtively in anticipation of those half-playful slaps which aunt might let swing at them. She is, however, inclined to be merciful this day.

"Go wash yourselves!" She sends them off with a harmless pinch each; and the brothers wink thievishly as they hasten away.

Frankly fascinated with our devilish cousins, several of us contrive to go after them. The air is charged with mystery. They know that we are anxious to see their place; and dangerous as the undertaking may be, they propose to show us a thing or two of the suburbs.

We follow them with confidence. Our fearless cousins! Round and about the farms they lead us, and in awe we have ceased our timid questioning. The streets, if such they may be called, are short and narrow between the low fences. Here and there a shaft of light has filtered through the foliage of the overhanging fruit trees, and our fancy is caught by the forms embellishing the unpaved ground. We try to detain them, if only for a while, in their fugitive existence!

The fences are hung with nets drying in the sun. We are near the river. Here hogs are slaughtered in the evening, when their plaintive shrieks pierce the brooding stillness.

We continue to follow our cousins. Our confidence in them has increased. They seem to know everything save fear. So many tales they have told us, with always one or another the hero! We begin to feel like heroes ourselves.

We have reached the section inhabited by the washerwomen. Frania, whom mother has inherited into her employ from grandmother, also lives here; and how can we resist the feeling of kinship stirring in us? Plenty of dogs in this section; but they seem too lazy to trouble about us—if they consider us at all worthwhile. Or is it the guardian presence of Paisie and Moishke that wards them off? Who knows, two terrors; even the dogs may respect them!

We are approaching a house, drooping under its weight of thatch, like a huge cap, with a single diminutive window under the roof. Two fellows are sitting in front of the wicket. Their lips curl as they catch sight of us. And there is no mistaking their intentions as they stand up.

We have stopped. They are coming on slowly.

"Jews, give us money!"

Their missing front teeth renders the manner of the two even more intimidating than they might have intended. We are gripped with terror. But our cousins—our refuge, our hope! Why don't they strike, kill? Paisie's face is twisted into a smile too ghastly not to incite rather than appease the ruffian's wrath. His whole reputation is at stake. And our cousin proves himself resourceful.

"Don't you recognize me, Alexander?" he stammers. "Remember what you promised me the last time I gave you two kopecks? These—these are my friends."

No, Alexander does not recognize them. The money he had received was forgotten. And what promises did he make? As to Paisie's "friends"—Alexander only frowns. His companion doesn't. With grim precision and without warning, he lets fly a fast blow at our leader's unprotected chin.

We break into flight. It develops that our hero excels us all in this. He is leading us now. We run with dogs at our heels and boys everywhere pelting us with stones.

Out of breath, we stop, long after we have ceased being pursued. And one after another we break into laughter. It's funny now that the danger is over. A fist or two is clenched. If we had them now? Why did we run away?

Far from discomfited, Paisie begins
o explain.

"Too bad that those two happen to
e fellows whom I know. No, Moishke?
heir father works in the same place
s ours, and it didn't fit to start up.
ou would have seen something other-
ise! Do you know what I would have
one? Grab one by the neck, the other
y the feet—and down they both go!
ou think I would have played with
em? Once I licked a fellow here two
eads taller than I, and to this day he
ns when he sees me. Ask Moishke,
e'll tell you."

Paisie talks on. He is cruel to Alex-
nder; there is no more Alexander. He
ill have to meet the fellow
gain, if only to convince us
f his courage. But what if
e should kill him! There is
o telling what one might do
n anger. In the meantime,
hy tell anything home?
Vhy, really? We all pledge
urselves to secrecy.

We arrive just in time to
at. A Christian boy has
een called in to put up the
amovar, and it is now hum-
ing in the vestibule. The
able is slowly covering
ith food. Chopped herring,
ellow gooseberries, cher-
ies. Fish and boiled milk,
old from the cellar. And
est of all, Aunt Etl's
ickled lettuce. A glassful for a grown-
p, half a glass for a child. Tastes
ke wine with the inimitable Sabbath
read.

And where is the cream, and where
the cheese? All of it is brought up.
lenty of mouths, and praised be the
ord for our appetites. Our mothers
eek to restrain us. "At home they
ave to be begged to eat, locusts!" We
re reminded that our hosts haven't
tored up a warehouse for us! But so
ospitable are Etl and Duvid. There
none so hospitable as a Jew on a
abbath. Jovial exclamations, laughter,
okes. Father does not sit with us at
he table. A lump of brown bread in
is hand, he is walking with great slow
trides back and forth over the kitchen,
is mouth full, but never quiet. Born
o dominate, he is the real master of
he house, master of the occasion and
ll of us here. Not for him are these
elicacies from the cellar. He gathers
p the stale bread of the week, and he
oes not neglect to reproach aunt for
aving these morsels left over. No such
vaste in his house.

The aunt who has no children is in remarkable humor. Her particular genius is for inventing nicknames, and at her tales mother blushes. Mother feels a stranger here. Will she ever get used to these people? Uncle Nachman's wife is secretly antipathetic, and she laughs excessively, as if to irritate mother. While Aunt Etl is as usual reservedly prudent. She influences us all with her compassionate mother eyes. It is without offense to anyone that she manages the situation. The moderation of grandmother is likewise a factor conducive to temperance. A timely word of reproach to one of her daughters, a question appropriately addressed to a grandchild, and her gracious manner of offering one a coveted piece of cake, and another glass of tea. She is the mother of this hallowed Sabbath scene of young fathers and mothers.

Paisie and Moishke

The uncontrollable laughter of father comes to us suddenly from the other room. We all look up in anticipation. What now?

"Oh, I have no more strength left!"

"What is, what happened?" now one, now another demands.

But father cannot talk.

"It's his foolishness choking him," says grandmother.

"Oh, my sides!" he chuckles. "Moishke, Moishke—let Moiskhe tell you!"

But where is Moishke?

"The two little Christians, the dogs—" Father goes off into a cough. "I'd give a *rouble* to see them run!"

And now we understand. Moishke has betrayed our secret! Father will not let Paisie explain.

"Look at your son's cheek, Etl!"

A mark the color and size of a plum decorates our cousin's cheek. Our mothers surround us. We are hurt, scared? With no children of his own to worry about, poor Uncle Shimin worries about us all.

"Three - year - old Christians——" Father's laughter has not abated yet.

"Found with what to be amused!" remarks Aunt Etl. "Tall as you are, you would have run, faster than any of them."

But it is long before father, and with him Uncle Nachman, have subsided. And we children, not excluding cousin Paisie, are delighted to have been the cause of so much merriment. At this juncture only does Moishke crawl out from under the bed where he had been hiding.

There is a song or two still left in father, there are some still left in Uncle Nachman. We are all eager for a tune. Even mother will not be averse to listening. And observe the expression on grandmother's face! While at mother's side Aunt Etl is beaming, with the other aunts actually helping along. "My wife will now sing you a solo!" jocularly announces father. The company bursts into laughter. It's at mother's expense; and small though we are, we resent it, being aware of mother's discomfiture. Nor does father intend to leave us completely out. "My younger son—quiet there!—my younger son will recite one of Pushkin's poems." Poor younger brother; poor Pushkin. The former is confused; the latter will be. But there is no refusing father.

"Mother is tired," declares Aunt Etl.

But not only grandmother. The long walk to the suburbs has fatigued some of the others. "Well, let us all catch a nap!" All? Boys don't sleep daytime. Girls may. Girls are strange—they are different. Their presence embarrasses us, and we keep away even from our cousins. We go out.

Led by the discredited Paisie, we invade the orchard. How good it is to lose oneself in its depths. Intricate paths that lure and end nowhere, crooked trees and sheltering bushes. From the shade we emerge into the sunlight. Our cousins can still teach us a trick or two of tree-climbing, but we know enough to put away some fruit by stealth without their instruction. We have old games to play and new games to learn. The barns are convenient for hiding; once again one

smells the familiar scent of hay, well preserved; and his heart beating, one stands, afraid of oneself. Stop here when a shower suddenly overtakes you; listen to the stray drops falling through the thatch; listen to yourself. You strain your eyes, and in awe again you listen. The shower is slackening, but near the door the drops are falling with a ring in a puddle spreading in the sand. A calf is bleating in the orchard. . . .

The usual Saturday incidents have occurred during our absence from the house. Uncle Nachman's wife, who is rumored to be in sensitive condition, has been caught drinking kerosene. And Libi had swallowed some chalk. She likes chalk. She would appear in the kitchen, her mouth open and white, her eyes bright with defiant delight. "Ah, good!" she would cry, and she would start to masticate rapidly. The walls of Aunt Etl's house were scraped as far as cousin Libi's nails could reach them. And there was no weaning her from this habit.

Every one is up, refreshed. The heat is gone. The windows are open. A breeze stirs the curtain. The melodious notes of a bird issue in rhythmic succession from a treetop nearby. An afternoon fragrance of grass and fruit and sky is wafted, mellowed, subdued, into the room.

Is every one ready? Not quite. The women as usual tarry, for they have had to take turns at the dresser. And the men are impatient. "Enough fussing!" Surki is last to leave. In a scattered column, we are taking the road to the woods.

Houses are scarce. Dogs spring into view, awaiting us in the middle of the road with uplifted tails; we fall back with the rest. And there is our forest, mysterious, solemn, unchanging. The trudging is difficult over the sand. To wade and wade, and let the sand fall into our shoes. We would walk barefoot, but for our parents; we would then feel the heat, feel the contact of the sand, in the playful exuberance of unrestrained childhood. Why should the dreams we cherish most be repressed; why always be made to act contrary to our wishes? But some day; rather, some night! We have started to throw about pine cones, so pretty and light, though rough.

We follow the old path into the woods, and we look through the pines, bare, erect, almost animate. Like sentinels they stand, apart, and even father is greatly diminished by comparison. But we can move! And already we have lost sight of the light at the entrance. We are completely surrounded. Is there an end to the forest? What if we walked a whole day and a night? To spend the night here! We would get lost. Or would we come anywhere? And what would we eat? If there are beasts in the forest they might eat us!

We have reached the redberry patch. Nothing here now. But some weeks ago! The outposts are solitary. "Further, further!" Yes, further it's better. "Where will you put yours?" "In my cap. Take off your cap!" "Oh, come here, look at the bunch I have found!" "Look at mine! What big ones! Like strawberries. Others pick quietly. Why betray a good spot? It is cool, but we are soon heated. The aroma of pinewood mingles with the odor of crushed berries. A powerful sunbeam steals through the crowns of the pines where our parents stand. "Here, here!" Now one, now another rushes over to them, cap extended. "I can't eat any more, I have gathered so many." Our parents smile. One pinches his son's cheek. "So you can't eat any more?" We will never be able to fool them!

In the hushed silence distant voices are audible. The well must be near. All excursionists meet at the well. The water is passed around in a cup, to the women first. "Cold," declares grandmother; "it cuts the teeth!" "Drink, drink," father urges; "spring water will cure you of all ills. A famous physician once told me that if I should drink it twenty years I would live at least that long."

Uncle Shimin has a surprise. An object this is through which one may see any distance away. But the trees—will not the trees obstruct the view?

"Hear, a wise one!" Uncle Shimin counters. "What would be the wonder of the telescope if such trifles as trees were to interfere with it? I have told you that one can see what is going on on the stars." And he offers the thing to grandmother. "If you will look straight ahead you will see the synagogue."

Grandmother is distrustful. It ill befits her to hold this mysterious instrument that spans distances and penetrates the stars. We all wait her word.

"Dark," she says.

"One minute!" interposes Shimin impatiently. "It's not so that it's done. This must be regulated, turned. Etl, you try it."

"Climb up on a tree, Shimin," suggests father, who has been laughing all the while.

But we children are much kinder to uncle. Here is our chance to prove our loyalty to him. Of course we see the synagogue—and more. There is a church steeple—and we even describe our homes! Our testimony, however, only adds to poor Shimin's discomfiture.

An overshadowing gloom has begun to fill the woods. The cuckoo has cried its lonely, human cry. Only late birds are still exchanging notes. Suddenly, a weird, resonant shriek. How deep, how insistently melancholy! With a catch at the heart we hasten our homeward step.

The opening is visible through the aperture of the trees. Over the fields a bluish twilight is hovering. We glance back to the woods in departure. They are black and thick. Would we enter them now? Again we look, in awe. But the woods can no more be distinguished in the dusk.

The Sabbath is at an end. We walk close to each other, faltering in the sand. Shall we continue straight home or stop and have supper with Duvid and aunt? By all means stop and have supper at aunt's. We shall not meet for a whole week. Now for the cold fish we have left, and the lettuce and the cream! We are numb with hunger.

We are leaving aunt's house, leaving the suburbs. The night is black, with stars the size of peas. "Oh!" cries one, stumbling. We speak lowly, and yet our voices seem loud. Somewhere, a chorus is singing. What a night! Beauty enveloped, hidden. The fragrance of summer; the chirping and whistling all around. "Hey, look where you're going!" We press close to the fence to let a cart pass.

At the wheelwright's we stop. Here Aunt Etl and Duvid will leave us. Our parting is tender.

"Don't get lost!" father calls after Duvid.

Even the frogs are inspired. Their croaking has never been more harmonious. A bit chilly, no? The river is calm. But the shore on the opposite side, and the woods! We hold on to father, cling to mother, deriving assurance from the brushing of her skirt against the cheek.

Our footsteps fall hard on the bridge. Out of contentment or fear, we have all lapsed into silence. Till a rhythmic beat of hoofs breaks out in the night. Who is coming? Heroic shadows, round caps. The sound of a voice, coarse and abrupt. A match flares up. "A mounted patrol," whispers father.

A lonely howling has begun in the suburbs.

Uncle Nachman has left us, and we do not speak as we draw near home.

The End

Here's smart style and true comfort *in beautifully fitting shoes*

A smart two-eyelet tie in black suede, or in black kidskin.

THEY are as different from old fashioned comfort shoes as your swift, good-looking automobile is from the horse and buggy of other days. Like modern clothes, there's no waste weight in Cantilever Shoes. They are sleek of line, up-to-date in design and scientifically fashioned to free your feet for the activities of modern life.

These graceful shoes are shaped for comfort with slim heels, modishly rounded toes and natural lines. When you walk in them they act with your feet instead of working against them. For the arch of the Cantilever Shoe is flexible. It fits snugly and supports buoyantly.

Thousands of modern women have been attracted to Cantilever Shoes for their smart style and their genuinely helpful qualities. An interesting selection of new pumps and oxfords may be seen at the Cantilever Agency.

"IDELLA"

A stunning two-strap pump in black kidskin with suede insert and straps; in patent leather with suede insert and straps; or in brown kidskin with suede insert and straps and covered wood heel.

"DELORA"

Style is accented in this new comfort oxford. In black kidskin; patent leather; brown kidskin; or in autumn brown kidskin with suede trim and covered wood heel.

Cantilever Shoe

MEN . WOMEN . CHILDREN

Near you there is a Cantilever Agency where these comfortable shoes will be fitted conscientiously. If you do not find it listed in the telephone book under "Cantilever," write Cantilever Corp., 410 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn N. Y., for the address and a style booklet.

News of the Lodges

MOBILE'S present city mayor is a Jew. The new incumbent of that high and honored office is Leon Schwarz, former city commissioner and previous to that sheriff of Mobile county. Mayor Schwarz is not merely a Jew in name; he is an active member of Beth Zur Lodge, I. O. B. B., of his city, and a good Jew in spirit. He recently returned from Europe, where he went as a delegate to the American Legion Convention in Paris.

* * *

ON THE 20th of October there passed into the great beyond, Brother Philip Eldridge of Jefferson, Texas, full of years, of faith, of devotion and of love. Brother Eldridge was a 94-year-old veteran of the Confederate Army and beloved of all his townsmen. On the day when his mortal remains were carried to their eternal resting place all business in Jefferson was suspended, so that Jews and non-Jews might attend the burial services of this grand old man.

The deceased was one of the veterans of the Order, having been a Ben B'rith for over seventy years.

* * *

NOVEMBER 22nd seems to have been Drama night for the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation. Two plays, "The Stepmother," by Arnold Bennett, and "Forgotten Souls," by David Pinski, were presented on that date by the University of California Hillel Foundation. And on the same evening the B. B. Hillel Foundation of Ohio State University presented a unique program of great moments from great plays.

Lewis Browne renowned author, recently delivered two addresses at the University of Michigan Hillel Foundation.

The courses in Jewish history, literature and philosophy being offered by the B. B. Hillel Foundation of the University of Illinois are becoming ever more popular.

At the University of Wisconsin the good work of the Hillel Foundation is expanding apace. The Foundation center at Madison is attracting many visitors from out of town.

* * *

THE A. Z. A. Junior Order of I. O. B. B. has been divided into nine districts.

This year the subject of the A. Z. A. Essay Contest is, "The Future of Judaism in America."

A historic event for both A. Z. A. and the B'nai B'rith took place at Omaha on November 13th. The first A. Z. A. class ever to be initiated into the I. O. B. B. was taken into Lodge No. 354, of Omaha, on that date.

* * *

A METROPOLITAN Conference of the lodges of New York was recently established, with Bro. Lazarus E. Schlechter, the head of the Intellectual Advancement Committee of the district, as chairman. Each lodge and auxiliary is to be represented by three delegates, and a concerted effort will be made to increase the membership of the Order in New York City.

Notable headway has also been made towards securing the co-operation of the members throughout the district, outside of New York. This is a realization of the plan which Bro. Max Levy, secretary of District No. 1, has long been working on. Every member has been sent a unique, colorful and attractively arranged folder which reads as follows:

"Do you know any Jews in Greater New York? Of course, you do! Who are they? Are they members of the Independent Order B'nai B'rith? If not, why not?

"Have you any friends or relatives in Greater New York? Of course you have! Who are they? Are they members of the Independent Order B'nai B'rith? If not, why not?

"You can assist us to solve this problem. Will you do it? Send to at least two of your relatives or friends the enclosed applications and return the card to the office of the District with their names and addresses. Do it now!

"You boost the Independent Order B'nai B'rith. We will do the rest."

Moreover, at the last meeting, on November 30th, of the Council of the Metropolitan District it was decided to establish a B'nai B'rith Week between Christmas and New Year's. This week will be devoted to an organized drive for membership, the slogan being, "One new member a day, seven days seven applications." In other words, each Ben B'rith will be expected to bring in seven new members.

This plan has been hailed with enthusiasm by the new Conference, for it is seen to be a most effective way of achieving the desired results. Indeed so well do the New York brethren think of the plan that they propose that it should be adopted also in other Districts. The matter has been referred to the Executive Committee of the Order for endorsement.

* * *

President Cohen Visits South

FRIDAY, Saturday and Sunday, November 18th, 19th and 20th, were gala days for the B'nai B'rith of Tennessee. For on those days, Alfred M. Cohen, the grand president of the Order, visited Memphis and Nashville, two of the leading cities of that state. President Cohen made this trip south in order to participate personally in this year's annual B'nai B'rith day celebrations of these cities.

On Friday evening the president spoke at the Children of Israel Temple of Memphis on the subject of "Milestones in Jewish Life." His speech, being a graphic outline of Jewish history from earliest times down to the present day, was followed intently by the entire congregation. Saturday morning Mr. Cohen spoke at the Baron de Hirsch synagogue, the leading Orthodox congregation of the city, and again at the Children of Israel Temple, the Reform Congregation.

Sunday noon, President Cohen was entertained at a luncheon at the Woodmount Country Club, and here he spoke on the work of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. As chairman of the Board of Governors of the Hebrew Union College, Mr. Cohen participated in the nation-wide campaign for funds carried on last month by the U. of A. H. C.

Sunday evening Mr. Cohen delivered the main address at the B'nai B'rith day festivities which took place at the Nashville Y. M. H. A. He traced the origin and development of the Order and gave an outline of its purposes. Particularly close attention was given by the audience to the president's remarks about his trip abroad and the status of the Order in the countries of western Europe.

In connection with this trip to Tennessee, it is worth noting that Memphis, with a Jewish population of 8,000, has a B'nai B'rith membership of 1,100, and that Nashville's Jewish community of 3,000 has a Y. M. H. A. with 1,000 members.

Now the Stabilized BALLOON!

Now the same engineers who developed the pioneer low air pressure tire—the Dayton Thorobred Cord—have developed another equally revolutionary tire. It is the Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon—a balloon that gives you the smoothness of motion, strength, safety, comfort, ease of steering, and long mileage of stabilized construction.

See for yourself what stabilized construction means. See how the tire is built.

The tread is semi-flat and extra-wide with a quick-grip non-skid, giving complete road contact at deflections as low as five per cent. The rubber is tempered by a special Dayton process that insures unusual toughness and resistance to wear. It does not sing. It does not cause rumbling.

Whether your car is equipped with small or large style wheels, get in touch with the Dayton dealer. He will show you a tire to fit your wheels—a tire that will give you comfort with economy—a tire that will give you a new conception of tire performance. And he will show you how it is built to do it.

For the new style small diameter wheels—Dayton *Stabilized* Balloons. For the large diameter wheels—Dayton low air pressure Cords. Both are *Thorobreds!* See the Dayton dealer today.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
Dayton, Ohio

Dayton Stabilized BALLOONS

Across the Seas

LAST Summer our Polish brethren started a new custom which is worth emulating as well as commending. At the popular watering place, Krynica, informal B'nai B'rith meetings were held and were well attended by the brethren who happened to be there for a rest or an outing. Brother Dr. Simon Feldblum of *Solidaritas* Lodge of Cracow suggested the idea, and it is hoped that it will become a permanent custom, for these informal meetings help strengthen the fraternal relationships between the members of various lodges.

* * *

ECHOES of President Alfred M. Cohen's tour of Europe are still being heard. On the occasion of President Cohen's reception in Prague, Dr. Ader, president of District No. 13 of Poland, greeted the distinguished visitor in behalf of the Polish Brethren. In a recent issue of the official organ of the Polish B'nai B'rith, we find published some of the high lights of Dr. Ader's speech:

"The disintegration of the Jews must be overcome by a unifying organization. None of the attempts heretofore have been completely satisfactory. Zionism has undertaken the task and we hope it will fulfill it. But today it is still only a party. The Order does not concern itself with party differences. It says: whoever is a Jew may come to me. Thus it is a unifying organization. The executive committee does not ask whether the Zionism of Herzl or that of Achad Ha'am prevails, but it proceeds to help in the upbuilding of Palestine. It feels the necessity of preserving the youth for Judaism and therefore founds Hillel Foundations and A. Z. A. chapters. . . ."

Good words and true.

* * *

A COMMITTEE representing the First Lodge of England recently had a conference with the London University Jewish Students Union, relative to proposed B'nai B'rith activity among the students. The work, which will, no doubt, be similar in nature to that done by the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation in the United States, is expected to begin soon.

THE members of the First Lodge of England are to be supplied with Jewish pocket diaries. Some of the special features of these diaries are: the I. O. B. B. emblem on the outside cover; list of presidents and secretaries of lodges in England; the Jewish date designation of each day; the *sedra* designation of each Sabbath as well as the time of the beginning and the close of each Sabbath; the dates of the Jewish festivals, *Jahrzeit* tablets for several years ahead; and a list of synagogues and Jewish charity and communal institutions throughout the country.

* * *

A RECENT meeting of the B'nai B'rith Lodge of Leeds, England, was devoted to a symposium on the subject, "Jewish Education in Leeds." At the same meeting it was also decided to send a letter to Sholom Schwartzbard, congratulating him upon his acquittal.

* * *

DISTRICT GRAND LODGE No. 15 has asked the brethren in Great Britain to make a concerted effort to increase the membership of the Order in that country. A hearty and active response to this call is expected from the British lodges.

* * *

"THE B'nai B'rith is the Round Table of the community and the brothers and the sisters of its lodges, the knights-errant and the ladies of our chivalry." That was one of the high lights in the presidential address of Brother Leo Elton, president of the First Lodge of England.

"My plea is for a wide outlook in relation to communal problems, for such an outlook as is compatible with a sense of historic continuity," said Brother Elton in the course of his presidential address, which was delivered last month at a meeting of his lodge in London.

After giving a comprehensive outline of the history of the Jews in Britain, Brother Elton concluded that though every generation had threatened the Jew with extinction, he still refused to believe that the perpetuation of the Jewish people was bound up with the perpetuation of the ghetto. He urged the English Jews to strengthen themselves culturally and spiritually.

"HAMENORA," official organ of I. O. B. B. District No. 11 of the Orient, carries in its September-October issue, several articles which have a special interest to the American B'nai B'rith. First of all there is the Jewish New Year's message of President Alfred M. Cohen. Then there is a message from ex-Grand President Adolf Kraus which, among other things, thanks the brethren for the thousands of letters, showered upon this beloved veteran, when he and his wife celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding.

Also there is in this issue the closing installment of the French translation of the historical sketch of the Order, which in its original English form, is part of the B'nai B'rith Manual. Zelda Popkin's article, "The Jew in Aviation," which appeared in the July B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, too, is reprinted here in French.

* * *

DISTRICT GRAND LODGE No. 8 of Germany has gone on record as being opposed to the admission of women as members of the Order proper and, instead, favors the expansion of the Women's Auxiliary Lodges.

The Grand Lodge Secretary, Brother Dr. Goldschmidt, speaking at the meeting of the administration committee of the district, expressed his views on what should and what should not be discussed at lodge meetings. He said all subjects could be taken up except those involving political propaganda.

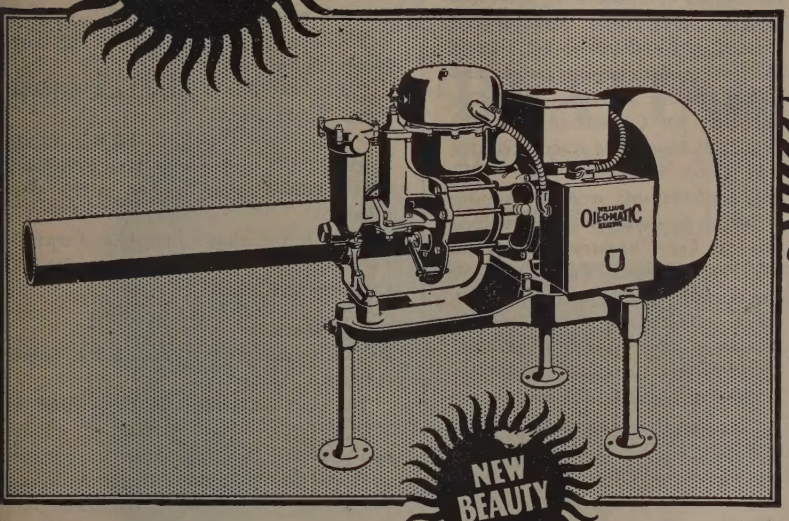
A notable move on the part of the German Grand Lodge was the decision to arouse sentiment in favor of the establishment of a central archive for documents relating to the history of the German Jews. It is intended that the records of the individual Jewish communities should form the basis for this archive.

* * *

AS everywhere, throughout the B'nai B'rith Order, cultural and educational development is given much thought and time in District No. 8. At present our German brethren are especially interested in the building up of their Institute for Jewish Learning. Work on this has been somewhat delayed, but now the Grand Lodge has called upon the lodges of the district to resume their efforts along this line with redoubled determination.

Now see what WILLIAMS has done to OIL-O-MATIC

NEW QUIET



NEW EFFICIENCY

NEW BEAUTY

WILLIAMS gives you *today* an oil burner that leaps *10 years* ahead of the entire oil heating industry. That's what Williams has done! This announcement tells you how. And a demonstration will prove it.

The First DESIGNED *Oil Burner*

Heretofore, oil burners have been an assembly of more or less standard parts. Pipes, elbows, valves and nipples. Original designing required dies that not only cost a huge sum, but might become obsolete.

No other manufacturer has ever developed an oil burner far enough to warrant his investing a fortune in dies!

But after 9 years of uninterrupted success and leadership, Williams has proved the stability and soundness of the Oilomatic method. They alone can afford to build an oil burner in which *every* part is especially designed for one purpose.

Now Note the Results

The new Oil-O-Matic is quiet beyond belief! The rubber cushioned motor, the precision of each part, the ease of adjusting combustion to your own individual heating plant —all give you the ideal blend of quietness and efficiency. Its new simplicity means greater freedom from service even than the former model that established the world's record for low maintenance.

Lower Heating Cost

Oilomatic heating costs are lower. Now lowest in the whole history of oil heating. Cheaper grades of oil perfectly consumed, bring this about. But you can use any grade of house heating oil you wish. This new Oil-O-Matic burns them all with equal facility.

Its new lines, new color, new finish, inspire you to make a show place of what was once a cellar. Here at last is an oil burner that is worthy of respect.

This new quiet, new simplicity, new efficiency, new beauty are all *plus* features. Extra advantages you get over and beyond the real joy of oil heat that has proved itself for 9 years. They make automatic heat *more* satisfying. They *magnify* its comfort and cleanliness.

Start Now to Live in Comfort

Cold weather need not deter you from enjoying Oilomatic heat *at once.* Installations are now being made without causing anyone the slightest discomfort. But you will have to act promptly. The tremendous enthusiasm aroused by this new de luxe Oil-O-Matic is breaking all sales records. Mail the coupon for full details.

NEW SIMPLICITY

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Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Co.
Bloomington, Ill.

Please send us full particulars of the New Improved Williams Oil-O-Matic.

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WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING

There is only one Oil-O-Matic—WILLIAMS *Oil-O-Matic*

Why the Jew Laughs

Adapted and Retold by
S. Ben Menahem

Sound Economics

FEIVEL: "Can you tell me what the words capital and labor really mean?"

Velvel: "That's very simple, indeed. Supposing you have one hundred rubles and I borrow them from you. That means that I take from you capital, but when you try to collect the money from me—that's labor."

* * *

Khelmer Considerateness

A JEWISH young man of Khelm, which is a city of wiseacres, was on a train bound for another town where he was to be married the same evening. On the road the train stopped because of engine trouble and the groom was informed that he could not reach his destination before the following morning. The young man therefore dispatched the following wire to the bride:

"Very sorry cannot arrive on scheduled time for the chuppah. Please do not go on with the ceremony before my arrival." * * *

More Value for Less Money

A POOR Jew from a small town came to Warsaw to consult a specialist about his numerous ailments. He was ordered to the hospital where, at the end of two weeks, he was presented with a bill for two hundred roubles. Upon receiving the bill the Jew began to wail:

"Two hundred roubles for only two weeks! Why, on such a large sum my entire family could have been ailing in my home town not for two weeks but for two years."

* * *

An Informal Introduction

MOSES MENDELSOHN, the great Jewish philosopher, was once walking on a busy thoroughfare in Berlin deeply engrossed in thoughts, and unintentionally he bumped into a heavy set Prussian army officer, Mendelsohn hastened to apologize, but the officer became furious.

"Pig!" he shouted.

Whereupon the philosopher made a courteous bow, as if responding to a self-introduction, and said:

"Mendelsohn."

CHANUKAH is one of the jolliest of Jewish festivals. On the nights of Chanukah, after the candles have been lighted and blessed, old and young sit around the home table playing games and telling funny stories. But it is not only on Chanukah that the Jew tells humorous anecdotes. He tells them all of the time. The Jew understands well the saving grace of humor, for it has helped him to bear unparalleled trials and tribulations. The stories in our humoresque department, both those collected by S. Ben Menahem and those sent in by our readers are characteristic examples of Jewish humor.

This month, in accordance with our standing rule, we are awarding books to the following persons for their stories accepted for this department: David Shulman, 40 McKibben St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Boris Brutzkus, Richardstr. 19, Berlin, Germany; and M. Rein, 1657 Auseon Ave., Oakland, Calif.

Words Are Cheaper Than Money

MR. LEVIN asked Mr. Nathan for a loan of $25.00. Mr. Nathan pretended not to hear the request. Levin repeated his words again and again and still Nathan made no reply. Mr. Levin became excited. "Say, Nathan, don't you understand? I am asking you to loan me $25.00. Why don't you answer me? I am entitled to an answer at least."

"Well," replied Nathan at length, "I would rather owe you an answer than to have you owe me $25.00."

* * *

Plenty of Time

A RICH man employed a *melamed* to teach his son Hebrew. Entering one day while a lesson was in progress the man heard the *melamed* teaching the boy to recite *kaddish* (prayer for the deceased.)

"I am yet a young man; why do you teach my son *kaddish?*" the father of the boy complained.

"May you live as long as it will take your boy to learn it," replied the *melamed.*

Really—What for?

SAYS one Talmudic student to another:

"Listen, Beryl, what need is there for a Z in the word Noah?"

"Where do you find a Z in the word Noah, Schmerel?"

"Why shouldn't there be a Z in the word Noah, Beryl?"

"Why there shouldn't be a Z in the word Noah? God is with you, Schmerel, what need is there for a Z in the word Noah?"

"Eh, Beryl, that's just what I wanted to know! What need is there for a Z in the word Noah?"

* * *

Quick Work

EVER hear the story of the heroic little tailor?

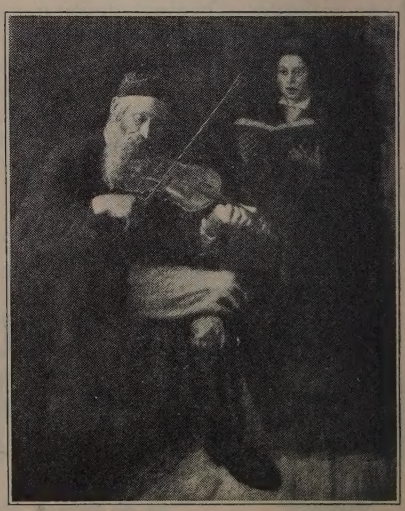
He was walking one day when he saw a fight. So he stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, ran in, caught two swift slaps in the face and ran away. *The Young Judean.*

* * *

A Sample of Obedience

TWO novices were enjoying their first experience as passengers on an aeroplane. The pilot was very nervous and the conversation of his passengers annoyed him. He finally instructed them not to talk again.

When the aeroplane had landed the pilot heard one of the passengers say, "Can I speak now?" "Well, I want to tell you that my neighbor fell out of the plane."



Alte Weisen

Try this Quick Easy Way to Prepare Delicious

MAZOLA-MAYONNAISE

—*Results Guaranteed*

"BEATING"

requires less than

30 Seconds

Put the egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl but DO NOT STIR

Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving

TEN minutes at the most—and you can prepare this wonderful, pure and fresh Mayonnaise.

The illustrations above will give you an idea of the simplicity of the recipe. And as for economy, consider that this recipe makes a pound of delicious Mazola-Mayonnaise for less than twenty cents—approximately half the cost of manufactured Mayonnaise.

Thousands of women are enthusiastic over this new Mayonnaise—which is another convincing demonstration of the exceptional purity, quality and economy of Mazola, America's finest oil for Salads.

THIS MAKES A POUND OF MAYONNAISE FOR LESS THAN 20 CENTS

1 egg	*¼ cup vinegar*
2 tablespoons sugar	*¾ cup Mazola*
1½ teaspoons salt	*1 cup water*
2 teaspoons dry mustard	*4 tablespoons*
¼ teaspoon paprika	*Argo Cornstarch*

(All measurements should be level)

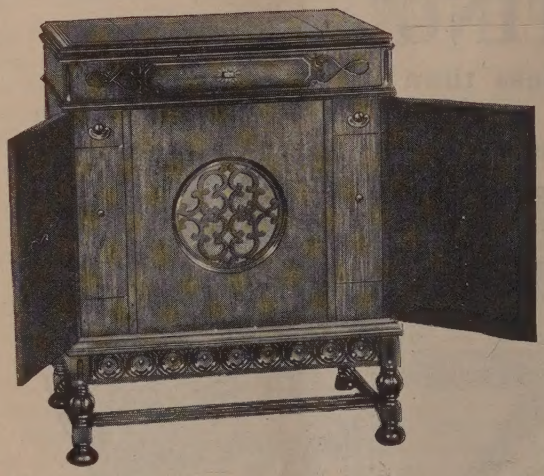
PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

Music's Reproducing Triumph!

"like life itself"

Columbia-Kolster Viva-tonal



Columbia-Kolster Viva-tonal

Model 900

The Electric Reproducing Phonograph

This instrument has an "electric pickup" of new design, with unique and exclusive features. The Kolster Power Cone Speaker, inside the beautiful, high lighted walnut cabinet with its mahogany overlay, is of the electro dynamic type, and introduces a new patented feed-back principle. The instrument is equipped with five Cunningham tubes. It is 40¼ inches high, 31⅞ inches wide, and 21¼ inches deep. Two drop record-bins hold twenty records each. Important exposed metal parts are gold plated, satin finish. The 12-inch turntable is overlaid with green velvet.

List Price $475.00

Viva-tonal Columbia like life itself
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Kolster

Music's reproducing triumph! In this single instrument, the Columbia-Kolster Viva-tonal, The Electric Reproducing Phonograph, are combined the Columbia achievements in the reproduction of recorded music with the finest and latest development in power amplification, the Kolster Power Cone Speaker.

The Columbia-Kolster Viva-tonal plays any standard record. Elusive tonal shadings, actually in the records, but impossible of reproduction on the ordinary phonograph, are brought out in all their beauty. The volume of sound can be increased or decreased at will, from a whisper to a fortissimo. Changes in volume have absolutely no effect upon the quality of reproduction. The definition and balance of the original is retained in its entirety. Your ear cannot hear a difference, nor can your imagination conceive of either voice or instrument being more "like life itself."

The Columbia-Kolster Viva-tonal gets its power from the house current. Batteries are eliminated. It requires no winding. An exquisite jewel-like topaz pilot light, set on the line of vision, indicates when the current is on. Every detail is designed to delight the eye and offer the utmost in service.

Before buying a new reproducing instrument, make certain to hear the Columbia-Kolster Viva-tonal Electric Reproducing Phonograph, the remarkable achievement of over two years' intensive work by the engineering departments of two great companies: the Columbia Phonograph Company, makers of the Viva-tonal Columbia Phonograph and the electrically recorded Columbia New Process Records; and Federal-Brandes, Inc., manufacturers of the Kolster Radio Set.

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